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THE GRAVE OF LOVE.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

'T's buried de'p beyond past years,
Beneath a hallow'd mound,
In 'hat far corner, which 'he heart
Makes consecrated ground.
The silence o'er its grave is broke
By neither joy nor sigh—
For clouds of earth can never mar
Its changeless, azure sky.

The flowers growing round the spot
Bloom in undying white—
Like death-wreaths on some 'omb of hope,
Seen thro' the misty light
The storms that mee' us day by day
Are all forbidden there—
They know naught save the gentle breath
Of lips that move in prayer.

They are the dead's and Sily grace
Its place of quiet rest—
No thought, no dream, no longing comes
To bear them in our breast.
But when all things are known and seen—
When life's true mission's found—
Perhaps—who knows—we'll wear them then.
In Mercy's chaplet bound.

"HELD IN HONOR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY HUTTON'S WARD," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "LORD LYNN'S CHOICE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED)

IF fate had not made you a great heiress, nature would have made you an artist, Lady Iris," said Sir Fulke, as he looked at the sketch. "I consider that drawing perfect."

"I am glad you think so, Sir Fulke," she replied, with a smile. "How proud we are of our own work!"

"You may be proud of yours," he said admiringly. "It is quite warm enough now for sitting out of doors," added Sir Fulke; "and I should like to spend an hour with you, Lady Iris."

"I shall be pleased to have your company," she replied, with unusual grace and amiability.

The morning was so fair and lovely that she could not but be sweet and gracious, even if she were indisposed to be so.

Sir Fulke stood a better chance of winning her favor on this morning than he had ever stood. He was growing desperate with suspense. Through the vista of green foliage and sunlit gardens he saw the dark stalwart man clad in the handsome uniform; but, when he looked at the fresh, glorious beauty of Lady Iris Fayne, he thought that not all the military ornaments of modern Europe would make the least impression upon her. Still the stalwart figure flashed most uncomfortably across his memory. He resolved to open the subject at once.

"I saw what I consider a most absurd sight as I came along the highway," he began.

"What was the absurd sight?" she asked with some interest.

"A bird in borrowed plumes," he replied—"John Bardon in the uniform of a Cornet of the Eastshire Yeomanry."

"Why do you call the sight absurd?" Lady Iris asked coldly. "The Eastshire Yeomanry are a fine and useful body of men."

"He does not look like a soldier," replied Sir Fulke.

"The uniform does not make the soldier any more than the habit makes the monk, Sir Fulke," she said, laughingly. "Still I cannot see why you call Mr. Bardon absurd."

In his heart Sir Fulke knew that the dark stalwart man in the handsome uniform of the Eastshire Yeomanry was anything but absurd. However now was his time for discovering what her real thoughts about John Bardon were.

"I shall be afraid to say another word against him or even about him, Lady Iris, since I find that he is such a favorite of yours."

"I did not say that he was a favorite," she said coldly.

"I assume it, since you espouse his cause so warmly."

"I prefer to take the part of the absent," she said.

"I wish some one would speak evil of me in my absence, in order that you might defend me!" he cried.

"Are you sure, Sir Fulke, that I should find one word to say in your defence," she asked.

"I hope so. But, Lady Iris, you know how anxious I am always to please you. If you tell me that you have thrown the shield of your friendship over the Bardons, I will like them, or at least try to do so, from this time henceforward."

"You need not make the effort, Sir Fulke," she said.

"But do tell me; do you really like them or not, Lady Iris?"

"You have asked a question I do not feel called upon to answer, Sir Fulke;" and he was compelled to leave her without knowing in the least whether she cared for John Bardon or not.

* * * * *

Lady Iris had not at present given much thought to either of her admirers. She liked Sir Fulke for his bright, pleasant manner and his refined, poetical mind; she disliked him for the vanity and egotism that marred an otherwise fine character. She felt interested in John Bardon; but she disliked the thin veneer of polish that only half hid the fierce strong nature. Of the two she preferred Sir Fulke.

The rivals had not yet met together in her presence; the fire had been smouldering, but the flame appeared at last.

The Honorable Mrs. Moira came on a visit to Clyffe Hall; and Lady Clyffarde saw that some amusement must be provided. She knew that Lady Iris would not attend any great public entertainment or ball until after her presentation; but there could be no harm in a quiet garden-party.

Lady Clyffarde thought Lady Iris would enjoy it; so she sent out invitations for a garden-party to be held on the first of May.

Sir Fulke was delighted.

"That is just the opportunity I want," he said. "I shall be able to say more to her in my own house than I have ever said in hers."

Lady Clyffarde, not having the faintest idea of any rivalry between her own son and John Bardon, had invited the millionaire and his family. Mrs. Moira had expressed a wish to see the Bardons; and, with a resigned sigh, Lady Clyffarde thought they would pass in the crowd. She had little idea of the antagonistic elements that she was bringing together. She saw at once, when her son examined the list of invitations, that she had done wrong. Sir Fulke was never ill-tempered, never irritable; but there was a shadow on his handsome face as he read the names.

"My dearest mother, why have you invited the Bardons? Your party will be spoiled."

"Mrs. Moira wished to see them, Fulke, and I had no idea that you would not like it."

"Like it! How can any one tolerate them? Miss Bardon may pass; but the son—John Bardon, more especially since he joined the Yeomanry—is intolerable!"

"You can keep out of his way. The grounds are large; and when you have spoken to him once, nothing further will be required. I should not have done it had I thought it would annoy you."

With his usual caressing manner, he kissed his mother.

"I am not annoyed—you could never annoy me. My dear mother, I do not like the people—that is all."

The grounds at Clyffe were extensive and magnificently laid out, and they had never looked more beautiful than on the day of the garden party.

Lady Clyffarde had provided a fine band of music, and Nature had put on her daintiest and freshest garb.

The Earl, with his daughter, was among the early arrivals. Lady Iris looked very beautiful in a dress of palest pink, combined with white and trimmed with hawthorn—a costume at once artistic and elegant, no jewels marring its simplicity.

Sir Fulke was more charmed than ever. He said to himself that each time he saw her she looked more beautiful, and his heart went out to her. It seemed to him that in her fair presence all his faults shrank away and a noble soul was given to him. She seemed to call into active existence all that was best within him.

"I shall have a few hours of almost perfect happiness," he thought.

There was something almost timid in handsome Sir Fulke's manner when he went to meet her.

"Clyffe has put on its fairest colors to greet you, Lady Iris," he said—"everything that is brightest and sweetest in Nature has sprung up apparently to welcome you. You will be kind to me to-day, will you not, Lady Iris, and give me the pleasure of showing you the grounds?"

The emotion in his voice touched her a little.

"If it will afford you any gratification, Sir Fulke, I shall be delighted to go over them," she responded graciously.

But it was not so easy to monopolize the queen of the party as it seemed to be. Every one wanted to see Lady Iris. The gentlemen gathered round her, and Sir Fulke found that he was mistaken, that he was likely to see less of her at Clyffe than he had seen of her at Chandos.

There was some little commotion on the lawn; and Sir Fulke felt annoyed when he found that it was caused by the arrival of the millionnaire and his family.

He perceived that a crisis had come when he saw John Bardon looking round as though in search of some one, and then, when he saw where Lady Iris Fayne was standing, instantly cross the lawn to join her.

"I am sure, Lady Iris, you do not care to be bored by this man," said Sir Fulke hastily.

"What man?" asked Lady Iris, who had not noticed the recent arrivals.

"John Bardon. He is walking up to you just as though he had some right to speak to you."

"He has the same right as everyone else," she answered coldly; and the next moment John Bardon was standing before her.

The gentlemen indulged in the stiffest of bows, and Lady Iris spoke only a few kindly words. She had never admitted even to herself that these two men were her admirers, but she felt some little embarrassment as she stood there between them.

"You will not forget your promise, Lady Iris, to grant me the honor of showing you the old familiar spots in the park?" said Sir Fulke.

"I shall be pleased to see them," she replied coldly; for it seemed to her that Sir Fulke was not civil to the tall, dark, stalwart man who stood by her side.

Sir Fulke offered his arm, but she declined it; and John Bardon's face flushed with delight when he noticed this.

Sir Fulke naturally expected that John Bardon would leave them; but the millionnaire's son walked on at Lady Iris's side, joining in the conversation, apparently unconscious of Sir Fulke's annoyance—indeed so utterly unconscious did he seem that Sir Fulke, who watched him narrowly, could not tell whether he thought himself in the way or not, whether he was acting from a set motive or not. Sir Fulke grew more irritable every moment.

"The man must know," he said to himself, "that he is intruding. He must know that he is *de trop*. If he does not go soon, I shall certainly tell him to do so."

He looked keenly at the dark face; there was nothing to indicate that he considered himself in the way. But in John Bardon's heart there was a fierce determination not to retire. Because Clyffe Hall was his, did Sir Fulke think he could monopolize Lady Iris? It was not even etiquette for the host to monopolize the chief guest. After all, some of these aristocrats were very ill-mannered.

The three walked on together, John Bardon talking earnestly, having for the first time found voice in Lady Iris's presence. He talked well too, and the young girl was interested; while Sir Fulke was full of impatience.

"When will he go? How much longer will he stay? My patience is almost exhausted," he said to himself.

At last Sir Fulke stopped, and with the utmost deference and courtesy he raised his hat to John Bardon.

"Mr. Bardon will excuse us now, I am sure, Lady Iris, when he knows that I have promised to show you round the grounds."

There was nothing for it but to stop, and John Bardon did so, his face white with suppressed rage.

"Am I intruding, Lady Iris?" he asked, quickly. "If so, I have erred unconsciously."

In a moment she saw how matters stood; it was not so much that they loved her as that they were madly jealous of each other. She perceived that a single encouraging word, one sign of preference, from her would lead to a quarrel between these men.

"Am I intruding, Lady Iris?" repeated John Bardon. "If so, I will go at once."

"You are not intruding, Mr. Bardon. There is no question of intrusion, though it is true that I promised to view the grounds with Sir Fulke."

"I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again before the day is ended, Lady Iris," he said, and then he walked away.

Colder and prouder grew the face of Lady Iris Fayne, and Sir Fulke saw that he had done wrong.

"Will you please make the survey of the grounds as short as possible, Sir Fulke?" she said. "I am tired."

Tired, and the walk only just begun!

"It is all that man's fault!" he said aloud, with a groan.

She seemed neither to hear or understand.

"He is ill bred. But what can one expect?" he added.

And then Lady Iris spoke.

"There are many forms of ill breeding," she said. "The worst of all is to show contempt for one who does not deserve it, or even for one who does. I am tired, Sir Fulke. I prefer returning to the lawn."

He had lost her good graces and favor—and all through John Bardon! Could it be possible that she cared for him? Sir Fulke wondered. The bare idea was enough to madden him. Yet one look at the proud face calmed him.

He had to bear his disappointment. He took her back to the lawn, where the ladies sat in groups, talking, laughing, and listening to the strains of the band. Lady Iris dismissed him with a haughty bow, and Sir Fulke had to submit to it. It was no comfort to him that fair faces smiled upon him and bright eyes grew brighter for his coming. Violet Blakewell was there, looking her prettiest; but her presence afforded him no consolation. Sir Fulke had eyes only for Lady Iris, and she was now talking to—John Bardon!

CHAPTER VII

THE day came when Lady Iris Fayne was to leave the lovely woodland shades of Chandos for the excitement of a London season. She was half sorry, half delighted. Her grand old home had a wonderful attraction for her, and she thought there was no place equal to Chandos. Still she was young and beautiful, and she knew that many triumphs were in store for her.

Lady Clyffarde and Sir Fulke were both going up to town, but not Richard Bardon and his wife. In the country they reigned royally, but in London they were nobodies; and Mrs. Bardon declined to be a "nobody" even for a few weeks. When her husband suggested that perhaps it might perhaps be well just to "see how things were going on in town," she declined the proposal.

"What I suffered last season will never be known. I would rather be queen in the country than nobody in town. You never knew what I suffered, Richard. I have gone out many a time with an Indian shawl worth nine or ten hundred dollars on my shoulders, and no one has taken the least

notice of me. When I have worn my sapphires, fine ladies have even smiled at me. No more town for me! I have been presented, and that is enough. Lady Caton has begged Marie to visit her, and John will stay at the 'Royal.'"

"Which costs more than a whole house," said Richard Bardon.

"You never mind the cost—I am sure I do not," rejoined his wife. "Here everybody knows that we are the Bardons of Hyne Court, and we are respected accordingly. Among all the great ladies of London, who notices a Mrs. Bardon?"

"Everybody notices the wife of a millionnaire," said Richard Bardon. "But you shall please yourself, my dear. There shall be no season in town if you object to it. But the children must go."

"It may be all for the best that they should be in town without us," said Mrs. Bardon. "People who would not perhaps invite us will invite them."

And her husband smiled at the unusual humility.

* * * * *

Sir Fulke was content. From the fact that Lady Clyffarde was in town he felt sure that he should see Lady Iris very often, and he desired nothing more. He had made but little progress in his wooing, and he foresaw that he would have many rivals in London; yet he was hopeful.

John Bardon however was growing desperate. In the country, where he could see Lady Iris when he was out riding or driving, all was well; but in town what chance would there be for him? On the day after the garden-party he rode for hours round Chandos. It did not matter to him how long he waited if he could only catch a glimpse of her. At last his patience was rewarded by seeing her riding slowly down a green lane.

He followed her at once—it was useless waiting to reflect, for he would have lost all courage—and she greeted him with a bright smile.

"Is it true that you leave Chandos tomorrow, Lady Iris?" he asked.

"Yes; and I leave it with regret," she replied. "I shall see no such flowers and trees in London. Chandos looks best in the spring."

"You will have more to do in London than think of trees and flowers," he said. "Those who know tell me that in less than a week you will have the whole fashionable world at your feet."

"Then I shall find the fashionable world very much in the way," she replied; but there was a pained and pathetic look on the dark face which filled her with pity.

John Bardon had dismounted, and she had drawn up under the shade of a great chestnut tree. He was looking at her with sad longing eyes.

"Queens, Lady Iris," he said, "are generally generous and compassionate; are they not?"

"I cannot tell, I have never been a queen," she replied.

"You are a queen now, and always will be one—a queen of human hearts. Therefore be compassionate."

"I will, if I see that compassion is needed," she responded.

"I need it"—there was a humility in his manner which interested her. "I know," he continued, "that all my father's wealth could not buy for me a place in the circle that will welcome such as you. Be compassionate, Lady Iris. You will be within the golden portals while I shall stand outside. Will you sometimes admit me?"

"You mean," she said, touched by his words, "that you wish to see me sometimes in town. We are sure to meet, Mr. Bardon."

"No," he replied; "for your world will not be mine, and I want you take compassion on me and give me the entree into your circle, so that I may see you sometimes. I ask this for the sake of the few ties between us. I belong to your county, the county you love. You will think of Chandos when you see me, and you have been kind to me. For the sake of that kindness, do not forget me when you enter the fashionable world."

"I never forget old friends," she said in a sweet voice; "but is not that saying too much? I do not know that I have ever looked upon you as a friend."

"It would be presumptuous of me to expect you to consider me one, I know," he replied; "but let me imagine that I am, Lady Iris!"

She looked at him in perplexity.

"I cannot understand," she said. "I do not see how there can any friendship between us. I am interested in you character—interested in your career."

She stopped abruptly, for the change that came over his dark face startled her—the light that flashed into his eyes electrified her.

"Hush!" he cried with a passionate gesture. Pray do not say anything more! You have changed my whole life by those few words! You are interested in my character and career! Such encouragement and joy do the words give me that I can hear no more! I will make you proud of my career since you deign to take an interest in it! I—I feel like one dazzled with a flood of sunlight! How strange that a man's hopes should be so easily swayed by a few simple words!"

She looked a little alarmed at his passion and earnestness.

"Do not misunderstand me. I mean," she began; but again he held up his hands with a warning gesture.

"Do not take away the music from those words! They will accompany me through life. I must not detain you, Lady Iris," he broke off. "May I ride by your side through the green lanes?"

"Yes," she answered slowly, with some hesitation, beginning to think that perhaps she had been unwise in being too kind. They rode on slowly together, he speaking with great earnestness, she listening with some anxiety.

"You will let me sometimes have the happiness of seeing you, Lady Iris? When a man has lived in the sunlight, it is cruel to condemn him to utter darkness."

Still perplexed, and desirous not to wound him, she tried to answer carelessly.

"I am sure that both my father and myself will be pleased to see you at Fayne House."

Again his face brightened.

"Thank you," he said gratefully. "I am not what the world calls a religious man, but I most devoutly thank Heaven that I came hither this morning. My life is all changed by your words. I will carve out for myself a career that shall not only interest you, but shall compel your admiration!"

"Whatever career you may choose, I wish you all success in it," she answered. She looked at him intently, for she could not help feeling interested in him, and then added suddenly, and without reflecting, "I should imagine, Mr. Bardon, that all will depend on the direction in which your energies are turned."

He looked at her with a startled glance.

"You say that I shall be a good man or the opposite. Well, I think you are right. It will depend upon how I am influenced—and there is only one human being who can influence me."

Just at that moment they came to a bend in the road; and Lady Iris, anxious to avoid hearing any more, said almost abruptly:

"I must say 'Good morning' now, Mr. Bardon. I am not going to the King's Forest."

"You have given me happiness enough for many days!" he answered. "I must bid you farewell then until we meet again in town?"

She bowed with a kind smile, relieved that the interview was ended, hoping that she had not been too kind or too abrupt, but had preserved a happy medium, and wondering whether she had done a wise or a foolish thing in inviting him to Fayne House. She could not help feeling impressed by John Bardon. She knew that he admired her, but she never dreamed that he would have the presumption to love her. She would as soon have thought of marrying one of the men working in the fields near her as of marrying John Bardon. He was not of her class, not of her world, and she had little toleration for the *nouveaux riches* to which he belonged. Still she thought more for the moment of this lowly-born stalwart man than she did of handsome fair-haired Sir Fulke. But, when the day came for her to leave Chandos she had almost forgotten the existence of both, and thought only of the triumphs which awaited her in the fashionable world.

* * * * *

"She went, saw, and conquered" might well have been said of Lady Iris Fayne.

The Duchess who presented her at Court was delighted with her *protege*. The Royal Lady who received her admired her fair fresh loveliness; and everyone discerned in her a future queen of society.

Lord Caledon was highly pleased with the homage she received, and on all sides he heard the most lavish praises of his daughter. It was not only because she was so beautiful that people were anxious to know her; she was mistress of Fayne House, one of the most magnificent and hospitable mansions in London.

Before she had been in town many days Lady Iris Fayne was one of the most popular and admired persons in the fashionable world.

The day of her presentation was one that would never be forgotten by her. The homage paid to her superb beauty, the magnificence and luxury that surrounded her, the glorious future all brilliant and bright stretching out before here, were almost enough to turn her head; but she accepted all praise with the proud calm grace of one who thought it her due.

It was now midnight; and, tired out at last, her fair, queenly head resting on her father's shoulder, she was thinking of the dead mother who would have enjoyed her triumph as no one else could.

"Papa," she said, with a sigh, half of happiness, half of fatigue, "I wonder if this will prove the most brilliant day of my life?"

Lord Caledon smiled.

"You will have one more brilliant still, I hope, Iris, and that will be your wedding day."

"I could not help wishing—pray do not think I am going to grieve you, papa—that my mother had been with me. I looked at all the ladies who had their daughters with them, and amongst them there was not one with a face so noble or so beautiful as my mother's."

"I should imagine not," replied her father briefly.

Lady Iris went on.

"I saw some ladies who had known mamma. Think—who had really known her!"

"My dearest child, what is there unusual in that?" asked the Earl.

"It seemed unusual to me," she answered. "My dear mother is like a dream-mother to me; her face in the picture is not familiar to me. No one speaks to me of her, or talks of her life; and to meet those who knew her when she was perhaps as young as I am now seems strange to me. While I was with the Duchess, waiting our turn, a beautiful lady with a sweet sad face came to me, and the Duchess introduced her as Lady Stonelea. When she heard my name, she took both my hands in hers. 'Is it possible,' she said, 'that you are the daughter of my dear friend Guinevere, Countess of Caledon?' 'It is quite true,' I answered. She kissed me, papa, and I saw tears in her eyes; then she looked at me with a smile. 'You are not in the least like your mother,' she said. 'She was dark, and you are very fair. How strange it is!'"

"The Faynes are a fair race," interrupted the Earl; "there is nothing at all strange in it."

"Papa," continued Lady Iris, "I have an odd experience to relate; may I recount it to you?"

"Certainly, my dear;" but there was a look of anxiety in his face.

"I cannot help thinking that while I was watching the brilliant scene and admiring it I heard Lady Stonelea whisper something to the Duchess about a romantic story which she had only half believed. 'Was there any foundation for it?' she asked; and the Duchess said quite angrily, 'I am sure there was not. I have know the Earl all my life.' And then I heard the word 'mother.' Could it be that they were speaking of us? Were they referring to a romantic story in which we were concerned? Was it of you, of my mother, that they were speaking?"

Looking up into his face, she saw that it had grown very pale, and that his lips trembled.

"Are you sure it was not all fancy?" he asked.

"I am sure I heard the words," she replied.

"They must have been talking about some other Earl then," he said slowly; "there is no romantic story told of us."

"Lady Stonelea asked me about Fenton Woods, and seemed surprised when I told her that I had not been there. Papa let us go to Fenton when the season is over. I long to see our Northern home."

"I will see about it, my dear," he replied, with a shudder; but in his heart he had no intention of going.

After that the Earl seemed thoughtful and tired; so Lady Iris left him to seek the rest she needed, but in reality to lie awake and wonder why her father showed so much emotion at the mention of her mother and of Fenton, and also whether there was "a romantic story" connected with his early life.

CHAPTER VII

IN town, Lady Iris Fayne received many complimentary and congratulatory notes and numerous invitations—among them, one to a Royal Ball and one to a State Concert.

Lady Clyffarde was one of the first to call; and her congratulations were the more pleasant to Lady Iris as she knew that every kind word was meant.

Sir Fulke accompanied his mother. He was graver than usual. That morning he had read in the leading fashionable paper of Lady Iris's debut, of her grace and beauty, her costly gems and superb dress, and how a new and beautiful queen of society had suddenly appeared; and his heart began to fail him as it had never done at Chandos. He blamed himself for not having made better use of his time when they were in the country together. Then he saw her every day, often alone; and he could wander through the grounds with her. In London there would be no such opportunities.

The Earl gave a series of brilliant parties, and Sir Fulke was a frequent guest at his house; but he never had a chance of talking to Lady Iris alone, for she was always surrounded by a host of admirers. Days passed without his being able to exchange more than a distant salute with her, and the handsome young Baronet, who had believed that he had only to "whisper a word and win a wife," found himself quite discomfited.

"I can never get near her," he complained to his mother. "At Lady Seavier's ball I tried time after time to have some conversation with her, but I did not succeed. She had not even one dance for me. Princes and royal dukes engaged her whole attention. I am told that the Prince of Battia has sworn to win her. My chance does not look very promising now, does it?"

"Lady Iris will marry for love, Fulke—take my word for it. Neither duke nor earl will have the least chance."

"Unless," he supplemented, "she loves one of them."

"I understand girls, and I understand love," said Lady Clyffarde quietly; "and I tell you, Fulke, that I am certain Lady Iris loves no one yet. When she does love, it will be with all her heart; but the time has not come yet, and you have as good a chance as anyone."

"You would smile, mother," remarked Sir Fulke, "if you heard how all the men rave about her. They say she is the most beautiful woman they have seen for years. I feel sure of one thing—if I want her to be my wife I must ask her soon. They said yesterday at the club that she was supposed to favor the Duke of Portland more than anyone else. I watched her last night, but I did not see it. Did I tell you that the Blakewells are in town? I met Lady Blakewell and Violet yesterday. I saw Lady Caton also, with Marie Bardon. I am told that Miss Bardon is very much admired."

He did not add, as he would once have done in similar circumstances, that when Marie saw him she blushed deeply and looked confused; for Marie Bardon's secret was that with all her heart she loved handsome Sir Fulke. She never expected, never dreamed of any return; but she gave him the love of her life freely.

Sir Fulke did not say that a quiver of pain had passed over her face, and that her hand had trembled as he touched it. His great love was teaching him humility.

"Do not be be too hurried or anxious, Fulke," said Lady Clyffarde gravely. "Lady Iris will have more time to spare towards the end of the season, and then you must make your opportunity."

"But suppose she is won in the meantime?"

"There is nothing to fear. I watch her closely enough in your interests, Fulke; and I tell you that there is no love in her heart yet. I will tell you in time."

Sir Fulke was not the only one who found it almost impossible to obtain five minutes of Lady Iris's leisure time. John Bardon had been some days in town, and the Earl's daughter had kept her promise. He had been invited to Lord Caledon's state dinner, also to the costume ball which Lady Iris, under the able tuition of her friend the Duchess, had made a great success. He had attended one or two "At homes" at Fayne House; but he had never had an opportunity of conversing with Lady Iris. He suffered a thousand times more than Sir Fulke; he was desperate, often despairing. He spent his days in following her from place to place, sometimes seeing her at a distance, at other times missing her altogether. If she went to the opera, he felt that he must go too, content if he was fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of her lovely face, longing that he were a prince or a duke—anything so that she would smile upon him. He would wait for hours at a ball or flower-show in the hope of seeing her pass by. He would go from her presence and throw himself with muttered imprecations upon the ground, raving in helpless despair.

"She is so beautiful," he would cry out; "and with all my father's wealth I am but a clod; and yet I love her with a love that might do honor to a king!"

How was this mad passion to end? He could not tell. He resolved, however to do his best to win her.

* * * * *

Lady Iris grew prouder every day. The tendency of her nature to become proud was strengthened by the worship and adulation she received, and her naturally noble mind and character deteriorated somewhat under the excess of homage and flattery bestowed upon her. Her least caprice, her slightest fancy, were laws. On all sides she heard the same story—she was most lovely, most graceful. She had lovers in plenty, and had had more offers of marriage than she cared to remember; but she had no thought yet for love or lovers. At present she was dazzled by the pomps and vanities of the world.

Her favorite motto, "Hold with honor," was still her guiding star. But she was beginning in some vague way to misunderstand the word "honor." She began to think that smiles from royalty and constant association with princes meant honor. She was very young, and had no mother's loving hand to train her. There was no one to say a word of warning, to find kindly fault, to advise caution, or guide. If at times she mistook pride for honor, there were more excuses to be made for her than could have been made for others.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Did you ever notice how things get in your way when you're in a hurry? A Boston woman told her husband that a runaway horse was going by. He jumped up so quick that he sprained his knee, and in his frantic haste fell over two chairs and skinned his shins, stepped on the dog, upset the table, with books and drop light on it, ran against his wife and hurt her, and got to the window just as they were stopping the horse two blocks away, round the corner.

Our New Premiums.

Some of our readers seem to think our Diamante Brilliants can be obtained for 10 cents; some, more generous, send us 57 cents; and others are under the impression that they are entitled to a ring, a pair of earrings, or a stud, and the Post one year for $2.00. If our friends knew the real value of these Premiums, they would gladly accept our very reasonable terms. Any one of the new Premiums costs us more in actual cash than 52 copies of the Post. Please don't forget this, and you will save us no end of trouble.

For $3.00 and 10 three-cent stamps we send by Registered Mail any one of the Premiums and extend your present subscription one year, or send the paper one year to any address you desire. For a club of two subscribers one year, at $2.00 each, we give the sender any one of the Premiums; for $5.00 any two Premiums, and three yearly subscriptions; and for $8.00 all three Premiums and four subscriptions. We could sell any of the Diamante Brilliants readily for $5.00 without the Post, for similar articles sell in Philadelphia now for from $5.00 to $15.00 each.

These Premiums positively cost more money than any premium ever offered by anybody. We guarantee them to be set in SOLID GOLD, and if not precisely as represented in every particular, return them, and we will refund the amount of your remittance promptly. Diamante Brilliants are mounted, cut, wear and look like genuine diamonds worth $100 or more. The best judges fail to detect the imitation; they are produced chemically; they are imported for us, and mounted to our order; they are worn in the best society, and they are the only perfect substitute for real diamonds ever produced.

More Recipients Heard From.

Martinsburg, Mo., April 2, 1881.

Editor Post:—Ring premium received. It is much nicer than I expected. Everyone that sees it says it is beautiful. L. A. D.

Vanetta, Licking Co., O., April 5 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received your valuable premium Diamante ring, and am well pleased with it. It is all you represent it to be.

Mrs. J. A.

Maquoketa, Ia., April 5, 1881.

Editors Post:—The ring you sent gives entire satisfaction. It is better than I expected. I like the paper very much. H. D. M.

Manistee Mich., March 30, 1881.

Publishers Saturday Evening Post:—Your beautiful ring is at hand. I am well-pleased with it, and so is "my sisters, my cousins, and my aunts." I shall try to get them to subscribe. W. D.

Bardstown, N. C., April 4, 1881.

Gentlemen:—The earrings came safely to hand and I thank you for them so much. Everyone who has seen them is charmed. I will do all I can for your paper in return for my elegant present.

Mrs. S. E. H.

Rowan Mills, N. C., April 5, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received the premium ring. It is much better than I had expected to receive for the price paid for the paper. Think the paper splendid. Mrs. E. J. C.

New York, April 7, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Received the post and was much pleased with it. The earrings came safely to-day. Please accept many thanks for your most generous and exceedingly beautiful gift.

H. R.

Hayfield, Can., April 6, 1881.

Dear Post:—Mrs McC — and I received the rings, and they are more than we ever expected, for the paper is worth twice the money. I shall do all I can for it. Mrs. H. T.

Rayado, M. T., March 12, 1881.

Saturday Evening Post:—I received your paper and premium. The ring is worth more than I thought it would be when I saw your advertisement. I can say that I am getting the Post free of charge.

J. M. V.

Hot Springs, Ark., April 8, 1881.

Gents:—The first numbers of your excellent paper with the beautiful ring came to me this morning. The ring fully justifies your description of it, the brilliant being really a beautiful gem. Thanks and good wishes for the prosperity of your paper.

Mrs. J. B.

[Morrisville, N. Y. March 29, 1881.

Dear Post:—Paper and premium received. As to the paper, its pages are its best praises. Those who have read them feel lonesome without them. But the ring is a beauty, exceeding your recommendation and my anticipation as to its brilliant beauty. It is admired by all that have seen it, and were I disposed to part with it, could readily do so for $5. More anon.

S. A.

Florida, N. Y., March 30, 1881.

Saturday Evening Post:—Received the premium ring and am much pleased with it. It is all that you represent it to be, and far surpassed my expectations.

G. T. W.

York, Pa., March 21, 1881.

Saturday Evening Post:—Premium received to day. Accept thanks. It is beautiful. More than I looked for. Showed it to several of my friends, and they would not believe it. Will do all I can for you. Receive the paper regular, and would not do without it. I think your premium far surpasses anything ever offered to the public. Sergt. Wm. H. K.

Linville, Va., March 21 1881.

Gentlemen:—Your premium Diamante ring received. Oh, it's a perfect beauty, and I am highly pleased with it. Undoubtedly the grandest premium ever offered by any publisher. Long live the Post.

S. E. H.

Mauch Chunk, Pa., March 21, 1881.

Gentlemen:—Your premium was duly received. The earrings are just lovely. They far exceed my expectations. Many thanks. I consider your paper one of the best published. I would not be without it.

C. L.

Onawa, Iowa, March 22, 1881.

Editors Post:—Your premium ring duly received. I am very much pleased with it. Compared it with a diamond ring that cost $175, and brilliancy decided in favor of "yours." I would not take $10 for it. Long live the Post. A. E. V.

With such indorsements, such a paper, such premiums, at such a low price, we hope to receive a renewal from every subscriber on our books.

Address, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
725 Sansom Street, Philada.

SPRING'S SONG.

BY L. N. E.

With a musical hum the tawny bees
  Are courting the coy young flowers,
And love-songs warble the birds at ease,
  All day in the leafy bowers.

The breezes, bold in their vernal joy,
  Are murmuring love-songs too,
The while with the trees' green locks they toy,
  And the odorous blossoms woo.

With an amorous roundelay the brooks
  To the chorus their voices bring,
And the sun has a lover's endearing looks,
  As he kisses the cheeks of spring.

Could I the cheeks of my darling kiss,
  (There are none more fair than they,)
I would sing a far sweeter song than this,
  Or any you'll hear to-day.

The Retreat.

BY A. ENGLEMINT.

MR. DEARLOVE was a retired tradesman, who, having spent fifty years of his life in a close application to business, determined to enjoy the remainder of his time by indulging in such pleasures and enjoyments as ample means could command, and a rational taste counsel.

He had one daughter—a pretty, graceful girl—in person like her mother, who had been dead some years, and bearing the same name, Frances—pleasingly abbreviated into Fanny, or still more contracted by her father into Fan.

Fanny Dearlove had had nothing to do with the shop. She had received an excellent education at a ladies' school at Highgate, which she quitted at the age of eighteen, to make her father's evenings pass pleasantly by her performance on the piano, or of some pretty songs which she sung with taste—having the advantage, likewise, of a particularly sweet voice.

He bought a nice little cottage down in the country, and urged by Fanny, made its name "The Retreat." The situation was pretty; the air fresh; but there were other things, essential to a pleasing contentment, which he yet wanted.

One of these was society. He had had plenty of it in business; he had none now, save that of his daughter. At first, the change was agreeable; subsequently, it began to grow oppressive, and he found himself moping. What was worse, his Fan was moping too. When, therefore, she proposed to invite her particular friend Julia Forester, along with her brother Harry to stay a while with them he was more than pleased.

In a week a time they came

Julia was beautiful, and Harry was frank, witty, and high-spirited, with a free, open, manly expression on his features; bright, clear, hazel eyes, deep brown hair, and altogether was what a discriminating girl would call "a nice fellow."

Plenty of plans were broached from which pleasure and amusement were to be derived

Harry had a month's vacation, and he expressed his determination to make the most of it. Accordingly there were walks, and rides, and, fishing, and shooting, and pedestrian excursions. Lucy Forester exerted herself to the utmost to keep old Dearlove in good spirits.

Thus Harry was thrown much in the society of Fanny. But was there any courting going on, to account for these accidental separations?

Between Dearlove and Lucy, certainly not. Between Harry and Fanny, then?

Well, when the girls had gone to bed one evening, and Dearlove was left to his pipe and whisky, and Harry to his cigar and cold brandy, the latter, clearing his throat as if with some difficulty, said, "I am sorry, sir, my time is up to-morrow, and that I must give up such happy and charming society."

"You must go, then, Harry?"

"Yes, sir, I must! Business, you know, must not be neglected."

"Certainly not! But your sister is not compelled to go?"

"By no means; but, you know, she is wilful, and has made up her mind to go back with me."

"Well, well, she will come again by and by. I hope she has enjoyed herself?"

"There can be no doubt of that!"

"And you?"

"I, sir! God bless you, I never liked anything half so well before!"

"I am pleased to hear it."

"Your genuine hospitality——"

"Tush! tush, boy!"

"And your daughter's graceful kindness will never be obliterated from my memory."

"Nice girl, Fanny, eh?"

"That is clear enough—a prize for any lucky fellow fortunate enough to obtain her. I never before met with a young lady who so completely united in her own person all the qualifications I admire in woman.

"Ha, ha! You really admire her, then, Harry?"

"Admire her, sir? I love her fondly—devotedly love her!"

"Eh?" he ejaculated, gravely.

Harry in yet stronger terms repeated his declaration.

Old Dearlove looked graver still.

"Does—does Fanny know of this, Mr. Forester?" he asked.

"She does, sir!" said Harry. "This very night I found leave-taking very much harder than I anticipated; and, though I had not intended it, my heart gained the mastery, and I confessed to her that I loved her dearly and truly; and I begged her to make me the happiest fellow in the world, by accepting my hand."

"And she—Fanny—Miss Dearlove——"

"Referred me to you, sir. And I am glad of this opportunity of acknowledging my affection, and of praying your consent to our union."

"She—Fanny—Miss Dearlove did not reject your offer?"

"Reject it! No, sir! On the contrary, she gave me reason to believe that my offer was by no means unacceptable to her."

Dearlove groaned, and fell back in his chair. He placed his hand over his eyes, and appeared to be in much pain. Harry would have flown to his assistance but he waved him off in harsh terms. Then he arose to his feet, and addressed him.

"Mr. Forester," he began, "you were invited to my house that you might pass those hours snatched from business with pleasure to yourself and profit to your health. I welcomed you freely, and treated you with open frankness and hospitality. My dream of happiness was centered in passing my future life happily in the society of my child. You have rudely awakened me from it; and all I ask of you now is to quit my house in the morning, and never let me see you in it again. There is your light, sir. I wish you a good night!"

Early the next morning, Harry and his sister departed, taking leave of Fanny, who was all tears; but without seeing Mr. Dearlove, who confined himself to the room for that morning with a severe headache. So Harry and Lucy Forester left; and "the Retreat" returned to its accustomed quiet. More dull and sombre than ever it appeared to those left behind, although old Dearlove did get up a little gaiety for his daughter's benefit, but without achieving his object.

She grew thinner and paler by degrees, and she found herself soon fatigued if she attempted to walk much. Her father grew alarmed. One night, as they were parting to retire to rest, he held her in his arms, and kissing her, said:

"Fan, my darling, you have been a good and dutiful child, and I love you for it more dearly the every hour I live. I have once more to put your sense of duty to the proof. I have had an offer for your hand made to me by a young man, good-looking, and of good position, who has recently seen you. He will only be satisfied with your own denial. I only ask you to see him, darling, in the morning. Will you say yes, Fan, my love?"

Well, she did utter a faint "Yes;" but the new suitor, she told him, would only undertake a hopeless task; and he only replied:

"We shall see! we shall see!"

Early the following morning there was an arrival, and the moment she was dressed her father made his appearance at the door of her apartment.

"Come, Fan," said he; "Mr. Lover has arrived."

"His stay here will not be long," thought Fanny, who looked pale and distressed.

They descended, and entered the apartment below. A young man was seated there; he rose up and advanced towards them. Fanny's eyes were upon the ground; she stood still and trembled as her father said:

"Now, sir, I have fulfilled my promise. Here is my daughter, and you have my full permission to make her the offer of your hand, and my full consent to the union. If you are rejected, of course I trust a single reply will suffice, and you will retire."

The young man bowed; then he took the cold hand of the trembling girl, and knelt down before her saying, in a soft voice:

"Fanny, my fondly beloved! in praying you to accept the offer of my hand and heart, may I dare hope you will not refuse me?"

Fanny screamed. That voice! those words! She looked down upon him who knelt before her.

"Oh, Harry! Harry! dear, dear Harry!" she all but shrieked. And the next instant Fanny Dearlove and Harry Forester were locked in each other's arms, while old Dearlove, overcome by his emotions, was obliged to embrace Lucy Forester, who had come down here with her brother, and had stolen into the apartment to witness the meeting. Old Dearlove took some time to recover; and Lucy kissed him at least a dozen times, because, she said, he was "a good boy now, and had restored himself to her good books."

Why, the fact was, old Dearlove had to choose between Fanny married and Fanny buried; so he chose the former.

Fan soon got well, and was married to the man she loved. Harry retired, by desire of Mr. Dearlove, from the firm of Banbury, Smallerex & Co., and all three lived together at "The Retreat," as happy as doves. Lucy lived with them until she went and took a violent fancy to a quiet, modest young nephew of Mr Dearlove's—just three years older than herself—a fancy, indeed, that nothing but marriage could cure

Dearlove is still at "The Retreat," and as happy as a king. Happier! He found out his mistake long ago, and, surrounded by his daughter, her husband, and their children, vows that he has no belief in the proverb that "Two is company, and three is none."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE KING'S JEWELS.—Iron was so scarce in England during the reign of Edward III. that the pots, spits and frying pans of the royal kitchen were classed among the King's jewels

BANK OF ENGLAND.—Some idea of the Bank of England may be learned from the fact that it covers five acres of ground and employs 900 clerks. Light is admitted through open courts, there being no windows on the street.

A CROCODILE'S TOOTHPICK.—It is not named a toothpick though, for it is called the trochilus, a little bird that finds its food in the mouths of crocodiles. It flies into the wide open mouths of crocodiles and picks out little bits of fish from between the crocodile's teeth, then flies out again.

THE SURGEON'S CALLING.—In the middle ages the calling of surgeon suffered a relapse, to speak medically. Surgery was in ill repute and in Germany no artisan would employ a young man as an apprentice without a certificate that he was born in marriage of honest parents, and came of a family in which were found neither barbers, bathers nor "skinners," as surgeons were called

BIG STONES.—At the ruins of Balbec, three huge stones, sixty four feet long, thirteen high and thirteen wide, stand in a wall at the height of twenty feet. Nine other stones, thirty feet long, ten high, and ten wide, are joined together with such nicety, that a trained eye cannot discover the line of juncture. A column still stands in the quarry, a mile distant, which is completed with the exception that it is not detached at the bottom. It is sixty nine feet long, seventeen high, and fourteen broad.

ANCIENT WINTERS.—In 1183-4 fruit trees were in flower in December and the vine in February, in Germany. In spite of the War of the Shepherds then raging, and the general destruction of crops, ripe fruit was gathered in May, and the vintage was in the end of July. In 1288-9 at Christmas children sold in the streets of Cologne violets gathered in the meadows of the Rhine; blue bells were in flower in February, and the vine in April on the hills of the Moselle. In 1573 trees were in full leaf in January, and cuckoos were birds'-nesting in the following month. In 1821 every thing was in flower in February: it was then the middle of spring. In 1658-9 there was neither frost nor snow in Germany.

THE PYRAMIDS.—As soon as a king of Egypt mounted the throne, he gave orders to a nobleman, the master of all the buildings of his land, to plan his tomb and cut the stone. The kernel of the future edifice was raised on the limestone soil of the desert, in the form of a small pyramid built in steps, of which the well constructed and finished interior formed the king's eternal dwelling, with his stone coffin lying on the rocky floor. A second covering was added, stone by stone, on the outside of the kernel; a third to this second, and to this even a fourth; and the mass of the giant building grew greater the longer the king enjoyed existence. And then, at last, when it became almost impossible to extend the area of the pyramid further, a casing of hard stone, polished like glass, and fitted accurately into the angles of the steps, covered the vast mass of the sepulchre, presenting a gigantic triangle on each of its four faces. Such is the origin of the Pyramids.

TIME OF OLD.—To ascertain the exact time of the revolution of the concave of the heavens, two vessels were placed over each other, by the ancients, the upper filled with water, the lower empty. At the moment of the appearing of a certain star above the horizon, the water was permitted to flow from the upper vessel into the lower vessel, and the flow was continued until the same star appeared the next night, when the flow was stopped. The whole concave of the heavens had then made one revolution. The water which had flowed out during this time was then divided into twelve equal parts, and smaller vessels were made each to hold just one of those parts, and on the following evening they repeated the operation, filling successively six of those vessels, and noting carefully what stars rose above the horizon during the time required to fill each of them. Each group of stars which rose during the time of filling one small vessel was called a station or house of the sun. They then postponed operations upon the other half of the heavens for six months, when they repeated it, and thus divided the path of the sun through the whole heavens into twelve divisions, to most of which they gave the names of certain animals—hence the term zodiac.

FIRST TIME AT CHURCH.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

A grave sweet wonder in thy baby face,
And look of mingled dignity and grace,
Such as a painter hand might love to trace.

A pair of trusting, innocent blue eyes,
That higher than the stained-glass window rise,
Into the fair and cloudless summer skies.

The people round her sing, "Above the sky
There's rest for little children when they die"—
To her—thus gazing up—that rest seems nigh.

The organ peals: she must not look around,
Although with wilderment her pulses bound,
The place whereon she stands is holy ground.

The sermon over, and the blessing said,
She bows—as "mother" does—her golden head;
And thinks of little sister who is dead.

She knows that now she dwells above the sky,
Where holy children enter when they die,
And prays God take her there too, by and by.

Pet, may He keep you in the faith alway,
And bring you to that home for which you pray,
Where all shall have their child-hearts back one day.

Waiting.

BY M. C. V.

GABRIELLE LEE was a young and beautiful girl when the shadow of her long waiting fell upon her. Had she been older, plainer, less prepossessing, she doubtless might have escaped the dreary fate into which she was then led.

Edward Grey had married in his early youth one as beautiful, gay, and bright as Gabrielle, and he had known a terrible sorrow. Scarcely a year was he the happy husband of this lovely creature, and then she faded from his sight. For a time the young widower was inconsolable.

Full of his morbid wretchedness, he obstinately refused for a long time to admit of consolation. But that which the sympathy of his friends failed to accomplish was effected by one fleeting expression of pensive thought shading a bright young face.

He had seen Gabrielle Lee many times. He had known her from the time that she was a merry little child, sporting the hours away with his younger brothers and sisters. He had assented to common opinion, and the repeated remark of his wife, who loved all beauty passionately, that "she had become a lovely girl."

By and by he said to himself, 'She is as good as she is beautiful; she will sympathize with me in my grief for my lost Ella." Then again he would say, "She will replace her who has gone from me forever; I shall die if I do not win her."

But it was by slow processes he arrived at these conclusions, and though he loved her deeply, she never thought of him as a possible suitor.

So one day he astonished, almost grieved her, by an avowal of his love. For so reverent was this young girl of the sacredness of sorrow she had never known, that at first she appeared unaffected by human passions and emotions. Custom, however, changed her whole feeling. Joy succeeded pain, as gratitude did surprise. Admiration and pity readily gave way to tenderer emotions, and but little time elapsed before Edward Gray knew that his love was fully returned.

With acknowledged love came the question of marriage. Gabrielle's timidity pleaded for delay, but Edward's impatience would not grant the boon. Preparations were therefore made, and it was intended that the marriage should take place in the course of a few months.

It was at this period that his mother, in her age and feebleness, experienced a sudden decay of her mental faculties. The first evidence of this was the inexplicable change in her feelings towards Gabrielle, whom she had hitherto loved and welcomed as a daughter.

More than once she had assured Edward that his marriage with Gabrielle had her entire approval, and that she was prepared to welcome her as a beloved daughter. To the trembling girl she had given the same assurance, and the kiss wherewith she sealed it was as a mother's.

But suddenly she took a dislike to Gabrielle that soon amounted to positive hatred. Entreaties or reasoning could not shake it; it was violent and uncontrolled; so much so, that if even safe from personal injury, Gabrielle was by no means safe from the sharp abuse of words. Vain were all their endeavors to palliate this harsh fact.

There seemed no alternative but to wait until the perturbed spirit gained its release before the marriage took place. For evidently Gabrielle could not, however willing, share the charge of his parent with her betrothed husband, while at the same time neither her high principles, nor his sense of right and duty, would allow him to delegate it to other hands. And so commenced the long and dreary years of waiting.

Year after year the same routine went on. Edward's days were given to business and to his cheerless home, his evenings to Gabrielle. At home she waited for him at nightfall, and through rain, or under the shine of stars, or the radiance of the moon, he took his way thitherward, with a punctuality that only love could have made an unvarying habit. And the years with their quiet routine that marked no startling event, were not without the wondrous miracle of change which goes on for ever.

To Edward they brought mature manhood, then grey hairs, the fullness of form, and the rubicund face, which often signify that the fullness of one's years has been reached, and that their decline has hardly commenced. He was happy in Gabrielle's love, but manlike he wanted her in his home, to be the daily, hourly compensation for his former griefs the share of his present, and the soother of his past cares, which memory so often brought before him.

He did not see how the years, with their silent fingers, had changed Gabrielle—how they had robbed her of her bloom, and the light and joyous brightness which had been one great element of her beauty. To him she was perennially lovely, this angel of his life. For him she could never grow old nor fade.

While this dreary waiting went on, her young companions, one by one, deserted her. The young girls she had played with were now bustling matrons, mothers of boisterous boys, and girls fast growing up to fill the places they once occupied. Her ancient beaux were now grave and anxious men of business, plodding on in humdrum fashion, or weighed down with care or the demands of an exorbitant ambition.

She stood alone—neither matron nor girl. Hers was indeed an anomalous position. Her father's home still sheltered her, but the bustling wife of a brother was now its actual mistress; she and her little brood filling the wide chambers and often impatient of her as an inmate who had overstayed her welcome.

Edward saw little of this. To him she uttered neither complaint nor longing. Only once, during an illness of her mother, and when grief had made her father's feebleness more apparent, she had said, with the weary sigh that had become habitual to her when alone, but was always repressed in Edward's presence, "When my parents die I shall be homeless."

Edward was struck with the depression and weariness of her tone, and for the first time in all these years, the thought rushed across his mind that he had done her injustice as well as himself, and that she, too, had suffered, but more patiently than he had done.

He clasped her to his heart, and soothed her with tenderest words and caresses till she grew calm and happy; and not till he was alone beneath the stars, walking homeward, did he let his own sorrows rise uppermost.

"She has a home, at any rate, while her parents live," he said to himself, "and that is more than I have all these years. My mother grows feeble; perhaps, as she notices so little, I might bring Gabrielle home now, and make the old place cheerful."

And then he went on thinking of the lonely hearth beside which he would sit tonight, and wondering when it would brighten for him. And meanwhile Gabrielle had retired to her watch beside her mother's sick bed, with a warmth at her heart not often felt there. For the tender words, and the loving caresses of that night, had become unfrequent of late, as Edward, like an old time husband, forgot that even the truest love needs constantly renewed assurances.

This long and patient love had its reward at last, after many years. It bloomed upon the long desolate hearth, but—like an August blossom—if gorgeous in tint, destitute of the fragrance of the flowers of Spring.

THE PIGEONS OF ST. MARK.—Anyone who has been at Venice will remember with surprise the tameness of the pigeons of St. Mark's. One comes suddenly into the broad square that fronts the cathedral. Instantly a flock of pigeons surround him, and, if he yields to a temptation which few can resist, and buys for a penny a bag of Indian corn, he will find that the birds cluster so thick that they settle on his shoulders, arms, wrists, and hands. One is amused at their tameness, and has no idea that it embodies a chapter of the old history of Venice, or at least a tradition, which has come down without break or slip. When the republic was pressed in one of the wars with its terrible enemy, the Turks, and the city was weary with anxiety to know the issue, and in dread lest the Turkish galleys should appear in the lagoons, a carrier pigeon flew straight for the doge's palace, and brought on its wing a message of the good news of victory. So grateful was the doge and the senate that from that time out the pigeon was protected at Venice. In the market of Venice are to be found every kind of little feathered creature offered for food—larks, linnets, tomtits, sparrows—bought up with a greed which shows how keenly they must be both appreciated and hunted, while the plump and portly pigeons at St. Mark's flock round one's feet in hundreds. It is no exaggeration to say they could be caught by the score with a penny's worth of corn.

Looking Back.

BY MARTIN BAYLE.

AS I look back through my life I can count some eventful periods, and resting as I do, in the peace of my great happiness, I can hold communion with all of them, even those that brought me pain; and so I have determined to write a little history of them, for it may be that some one who reads it will profit by my experience.

Sweetest of all spring mornings it was, that held this hour as the setting holds a gem. It was my sixteenth birthday, and I was to have a *fete* in the evening, a reunion of neighbors and friends, to take tea upon the lawn, and spend the evening in innocent amusements. The neighbors lived within a radius of ten miles: but still they were not numerous, for, like father, they were all farmers.

Leaving mother busy with her preparations, I stole off to the woods, and was soon busy filling my basket with wild flowers. The cultivated garden flowers, I had said, were suited to the cultivated and mature mind, and so should deck the table of our elders; but for the younger portion of the company I would have none but the simple wild, wayward flowers of the woods. And so my basket was filled, and I placed it in the shallow water among the stones, while I cut a piece of moss from the bank. When I turned to look for it, I found it floating down the stream, and despite all my efforts, it would keep just beyond reach of the stick with which I tried to capture it. After following it for some distance, a sudden bend in the river brought my basket and me in the presence of a solitary fisherman. He was a stranger to me, and I knew he must be the son of Mr. Dales, who had taken the farm next our town, and on whose property I was now trespassing. Seeing the situation, he quickly rescued my basket with his fishing-rod, and turned to give it to me. I had heard much of this young stranger, of his brilliant college career just closed, and I felt a little frightened at meeting him; but when he spoke the sound of his voice, his pleasant, courteous manner, were reassuring.

He introduced himself, and then saying he would carry my wet basket back for me, and receiving no refusal, he walked by my side so easily and pleasantly, that by the time we reached the place where we had started, I felt as though I had known him always.

When finally we reached home, and he left me at the door, he begged the gift of a white rose in the garden, and I picked it and gave it to him. What happened during the rest of that day and evening, I cannot remember; but now, as I think of what followed, I know that the happy morning hour when I met him was indeed like an angel messenger, for it brought to me the first sweet experience of love, the rosy dawn which was to brighten into the full sunshine of the second eventful hour of my life.

In a few days Roger was to leave for the city, to begin the practice of his profession, for he was to be a lawyer. We were walking together by the river side. During the four months since we met we had been much together; we knew that we had grown indispensable to each other's happiness, and our love was tacitly understood between us, although no word of it had been spoken. But to-day he took my wet face between his hands—I could not hide my tears—and kissed it, and then he said:

'Ula, we know that we love each other—our hearts have told us that; but still I cannot go away without a word, a promise from you, my darling." And so we were betrothed.

It was but the day before Roger was to leave home. The following spring he expected to come home for me, and so we were talking cheerfully of the future, when a horseman stopped at the door. He brought a telegram from the city, announcing the sudden death of Mr. Dales. My poor Roger! It was a terrible blow to him. He and his father had been very devoted in their love for one another, and it seemed more than he could bear. To me, through all the sad scenes that followed, the worst thing was to see him suffer, and to have no word of consolation to give him. Thus, I could only suffer with him, and feel that there was something impotent in a love which could be mute at such a time.

And so I felt at another painful period soon after. Roger came to me with the news that he was penniless. Difficulties which his father would have surmounted had he lived had swamped the business, and left but a mere trifle for Roger. "It is not for my own loss that I care, Ula dear," he said, "but that I shall not be able to make you a rich woman." And when I answered that I wanted only to share his lot, and cared not how poor it was, and began to picture to him the high position as a lawyer that he was sure to attain, he interrupted me. He was not going to be a lawyer, he said; his plans were all changed. And when I looked my astonishment, he said, "I am going to study for the ministry, and use my talents in that direction. Does my little Ula love me well enough to wait a few years for me?" And I answered, "Yes, of course I did;" but it was in a bewildered sort of way, for I could not understand the motive that could lead him to such a strange act; and a selfish rebellion sprang up in my heart, that I could not help. So we parted, and the wistful sadness of his face haunted me many a time in the years that followed.

After Roger left me, this selfish feeling kept growing in my heart. I was jealous of the object that could be attractive enough to separate him from me for so long a time; for I was young, and three years seemed a very long time to me. I said to myself, he cares more for this notion than he does for me, for if he really loved me as he pretends, he would have followed his profession and married me without delay. One fatal hour I wrote to him, saying "that we must be strangers hereafter. That the only love which I would accept was that which would be willing to sacrifice everything for me, and his actions had proven that such love was not his." And I sent back to him the little silver rose, his betrothal gift. That hour was the saddest, the darkest of my life; for I know now that not any other trouble leaves such bitter memories as regret.

And so the years went by—three years of dull, blank misery to me.

The brightest sunshine is that which follows the storm. And so the happiest hour of my life is that which followed all this pain. It stands out in my memory like a glorious angel from heaven, too dazzling almost to look upon.

I had been very ill. A slow fever had brought me to the very threshold of death, and my proud will was humbled and broken.

One Sunday morning they told me there would be service in the church; that the new minister would preach for the first time. Father said this was his first charge, but he was very talented; his name was not mentioned, and I felt too little interest to ask it. Mother was anxious to have me go to church, and I said I would; but I preferred to walk, so I started early, and walked slowly, resting many times, for I was still weak.

It was a glorious summer day. When I reached the church it was nearly an hour before the time for service. I walked into the graveyard, and towards the spot where Roger's father was buried. There was a stranger sitting by the grave, and I turned to go; but hearing a footstep, he arose, and then I saw his face. It was Roger. He held out his arms towards me, with a quick cry of joy, and I was soon folded within them. But I am not going to tell the rest of that interview; it is too sacred for strangers' ears. He placed the silver rose in my hair, and when later I sat in the pew, and greeted mother with a happy smile, and she saw the rose, is it any wonder that we both had a little cry during the first prayers? How beautiful he had grown in those three years; how nobly and manly he looked to me in this character! And what a grand sermon that was that he preached—full of living truth and power. After church we all rode home together, and that Sunday was marked with a white stone in my life.

And so was that other period which a few months later made me his bride. It was white rosebuds that I wore, instead of orange blossoms; and as we knelt at the altar together, I thanked heaven that I was Roger's wife.

Roger was soon called from the little church to a large parish, where we have both been working busily and happily ever since. The periods which come and go now have not the rosy veil of romance about them, but they are all the more beautiful to me because I can see clearly into their calm eyes, and read the great happiness there; and all the more precious to me because their lips are sealed, like those of a sphinx, with a happy secret and a mystery—the mystery of a great human love, which no being can understand.

KEEP YOUNG.—Don't grow old, rusty, and cross, afraid of nonsense and fun. Tolerate the follies and crudities of youth. Gray hair and wrinkles you cannot escape, but you need not grow old in feeling unless you choose. And so long as your age is only on the outside, you will win in confidence from the young, and find your life all the brighter from contact with theirs. But you have too many grave thoughts, too many weighty anxieties and duties, too much to do to make this trifling thing possible, you say. The very reason, my friend, why you should cultivate fun, nonsense, lightness of heart—because you need them so much, because you are "weary with thinking." Then do try to be young, even if you have to be foolish in so doing. One cannot be wise all the time. M. S.

The Cincinnati papers are telling the following story: "A little girl of this city had a spine disease, so that her head hung on one side; her mother gave some bread and coffee to a starving tramp, and he rubbed the child's neck while he muttered some incoherent words. The child was cured. The tramp disappeared." Something similar to this recently occurred in Chicago. A little boy had the diphtheria. His mother gave some bread and coffee to a tramp. Just then the boy's father came along and balanced the tramp on the toe of his boot. The boy got well. The tramp has spinal disease.

EASTER-DAY.

BY ROSA A. LEE.

Oh, my love has gone a-sailing, sailing far away,
And my love will not return till a year come Easter-day—
A-sailing, a-sailing, a sailing o'er the sea;
O, ship, sail fast; oh ship, sail sure—bring back my love to me.
The sea was calm and peaceful, like Hope the blue sky shone;
The sails spread out their white wings, and fast the ship sped on,
And fast she went a-sailing, light as a bird she seemed;
The bright sun flashed and glittered, and on the white sails gleamed.

Oh, my love has gone a-sailing, sailing far away,
And my love will not return till a year come Easter-day—
A-sailing, a-sailing, a-sailing o'er the sea.
O ship, sail fast; O ship, sail sure, and bring my love to me.
But blood-red now the sun has set, leaving a crimson track;
I strain my eyes to see my love—oh, when will he come back?
No tidings of the gallant ship, and it is Easter-day;
No tidings of my sailor-love—the year has passed away.

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(CONTINUED)

"THERE is. I'll not deny it, Eleanor," said his lordship; "but I must be equally honest, and inform you, that although I shall be consulted of course, in reality I shall have very little to do with filling it up."

The lady in all probability divined that fact also, but was too good a tactician not to express extreme surprise, if not incredulity, upon the point.

"The truth, I assure you."

"But Rislip need not know that."

Lord Baraclough saw no absolute necessity for informing him.

"My marriage," observed his niece, "if ever it does take place, can only be accomplished by a *coup de tete*; whilst he has time to reflect there is no chance of it."

"The case with most marriages, I suspect," observed her uncle.

"Malicious fellow! not even its wit can redeem that speech," exclaimed his niece.

"Not its truth, Eleanor?" replied his lordship good-humoredly; but let us proceed. I begin to suspect that we shall understand each other."

"I want you, without making any positive promise, to hold out to Rislip the possibility of his being nominated to the important post. That is the first step."

"And the next?"

"To lead him to invite you to the Priory. My father and myself will be included, as a matter of course. You may leave the last to me."

"Doubtless."

"This will drive the woman who calls herself his wife away," continued the female plotter. "I know that she has resisted all his entreaties to enter society or to receive visitors. Instead of fighting the battle, her sensitive nature will shrink from it. Once separated, the victory will be half won."

"You ought to have been a general, my love," observed her relative, who perfectly entered into the spirit of her designs. "On my honor I believe there have been worse ones."

"I believe I have a better head for politics," replied the lady. "Will you aid me?"

"Frankly, yes," replied the peer; "to the extent of not compromising myself by making Rislip any positive offer. I have no objection to fool him to the top of his bent—so difficult task, I should say. By-the-bye, when does he arrive?"

"We expect him to-morrow."

"To-morrow, then, we commence our campaign," said his lordship. "I have no pity for the fellow; he has trifled with you, and richly deserves the censure he is certain to encounter."

"Censure, uncle!"

"Why, yes, my dear: has he married his deceased wife's sister after informing her of the legal bar of their union, the world would have been mute; as it is, all who advocate the abolition of the law, which, between ourselves, I think is most absurd, will be zealous in her defence."

"You do not know her. She is the most submissive sensitive creature, a child in manner as well as mind. She will hide her shame in silence."

"Perhaps not."

"Censure, at least, cannot fall upon me," observed Eleanor very composedly.

"Well, no; I think you are safe."

"Then we need not speculate on the result to Rislip and the woman who calls herself his wife," continued the lady. "I know her."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Oh, quite!"

"I think you told me she had a child?"

"Yes; a son."

"Then you do not know her," observed her relative emphatically. "None but a mother can gauge the strength of a mother's heart. She will struggle, for his inheritance—that question the law has already settled beyond dispute—but for the right to meet his gaze without a blush."

"Really, uncle, you are growing quite romantic," exclaimed Eleanor Charlton with a sneer, too slight to offend, but sufficiently marked to express her opinion. "What are you thinking of?" she added.

"I was speculating, were the tables turned, how you would bear adversity," answered his lordship.

"Time enough to think of that when it comes."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LIKE most men who entertain an inordinate opinion of their own penetration and shrewdness, Lord Rislip was really most defenceless against a skilfully contrived attack. His great strength lay in his obstinacy, the quiet but dogged perseverance with which he adhered to any opinion he had once formed. Now, his opinions respecting his own talents were, unfortunately, exaggerated. He had been listened to with attention in the House of which he was a member, his speeches favorably noticed by the press. He was wealthy, of established reputation, for the part circumstances of his marriage was not generally known, and of ancient lineage; the founder of his family having come over with the Conqueror, and been rewarded for his services by the broad lands of Unulf, a Saxon thane, slain by his own hand at the battle of Hastings.

He afterwards married his daughter.

According to the fashion of the times, having taken the life of her parent was considered no impediment in those days of chivalry and honor.

We are a degenerate race, I fear. At any rate, we should think differently at the present day, and regard such a union with unmitigated horror.

At the time of his marriage with the eldest daughter of Mr. Beacham Lord Rislip had but slight chance of succeeding to the honors of his family. The Jews would scarcely have advanced him a shilling upon his expectations; three cousins stood before him and the title. One by one, however, they all obligingly died off, and six months after finding himself a widower he became Earl of Rislip. Hence the care with which he avoided all connection with the family of his wife—the connection was broken, as he considered, for ever, and he had no wish to be surrounded by his relatives.

The change in his name rendered the concealment easy, facilitated the deception practised upon Lucy, whom he loved at first as truly as selfish men are capable of loving. For a time he struggled against the feeling, but at last it obtained the mastery, and the ill-assorted marriage followed.

How far he might have remained true to his sacred vows, had his son Ferdinand survived it would be useless to speculate upon. That event caused quite as much pain to his pride as to his affection. It left him without an heir to name and title, a source of bitter mortification to him. The refusal of his wife to mingle with the world, her objection to visitors, still further annoyed him.

It might not have been wise on her part, but it was womanly; and he, at least, was bound in honor to respect the feeling which prompted it.

It was in no amiable frame of mind, therefore, that he arrived at the Charltons', a well-wooded seat in Lincolnshire. The contrast between the party he met there and his own cheerless home struck him forcibly.

Eleanor, who detected the feeling, acted with exquisite tact, and did all in her power to increase it.

"How is dear Lucy?" she anxiously inquired of him when they sat at breakfast the following morning.

"Still nervous and ill."

"How unkind of you not to bring her with you," said the artful woman.

"I tried my eloquence, but in vain," replied the earl moodily.

"The half eloquence of a husband when he does not wish his wife to say Yes," observed the lady playfully. "Oh, you men, you men, so fond of liberty!"

"Nay; I really urged it."

"Yes, I understand."

"Entreated her," added his lordship.

"And she refused you? Impossible. She knows too well her duty as a wife. What have I said? Pray forgive me, forget it."

"You have made an observation, Miss Charlton, which reflects credit equally upon your head and on your heart. Such, too, is my idea of the duty of a wife: but I am disappointed. Lady Rislip persists in her ridiculous seclusion, ostentatiously proclaiming circumstances to the world which the world desires nothing better than to ignore."

"It cannot ignore them," observed Eleanor gravely.

"At least, I ought not to be annoyed by them."

"That is true, and for your sake she really ought to make the effort. I would write to her," continued the hypocrite, "but feel it would be useless."

"I am not so certain of that."

"What, after your influence has failed! Impossible! You who have acted so delicately, so honorably towards her."

"Oh, do not praise me," muttered the earl.

"I must praise where praise is due," continued Miss Charlton. "It is not your fault that an absurd and cruel law, which most probably you were ignorant of, rendered the marriage informal. She ought not to resent it."

The speaker affected purposely to ignore the treacherous concealment on his part, which rendered his conduct a crime.

Lord Rislip felt flattered—and no man is so easily flattered as a proud one—by the marked attentions of his brother peer, whose rank and fortune, to say nothing of his position in the Cabinet, blinded him to any secret motive in thus cajoling him. They walked together, shot together, and it was whilst thus engaged that the minister, in the most natural manner, contrived to draw forth the political views of his companion, to which he listened with the most profound respect, or what was the same thing for the success of his niece's project, the well acted appearance of it.

"On my honor, Rislip," he observed, "you are very much to be blamed."

"In what respect my lord?"

"For keeping such varied attainments, such broad practical views on public affairs, to yourself. With your talents you ought to be at the head of a party."

"You jest!" replied his companion, greatly gratified.

"On some subjects I may do; for, like yourself, I do not wear my heart upon my sleeve for daws to peck at. But with my friends—never! How in the name of all that is eccentric and inexplicable," continued the speaker, who certainly was keeping his promise to fool him to the top of his bent, "came you to neglect taking your seat for so many years after succeeding to your title?"

"Caprice; my lord, and love of travel," answered his brother peer evasively.

"The excuse of too many of our rising men for shirking their duties," observed the wily statesman.

"Besides, what chance have I?"

"Chance," repeated Baraclough, "every chance. I commenced public life far less auspiciously, for I had not your talents to back me; true, I possessed perseverance."

"The best of all talents," observed Lord Rislip.

The minister smiled, for he well knew the speaker had hit upon a truth which is the keystone to success. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, if the qualities of the man who passes with the public for a genius were analysed, the secret of his success would be discovered to be perseverance.

The above and similar conversations were repeated from time to time, till the ambition of the husband of Lucy became fairly excited; in imagination he saw himself leading the Senate, directing the destinies of his country.

The time was fast approaching when the final blow was to be struck.

"In fine my lord," said the self-duped man, "in what is this to end?"

"A seat in the Cabinet, I trust."

"Are you serious?"

"As serious as the question demands," answered Baraclough. "It would become neither my years nor character to trifle on such a point. The duke, I know, entertains the highest opinion of your talents; he told me so, on the very occasion of your speech on that long-disputed question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister."

"And yet he opposed me," observed Rislip bitterly.

"Bound to do so—bound to his party; and if ever you are minister you will learn how strong that tie is."

"Why his grace himself is uncle——"

"Hush," interrupted the statesman.

"Oh! it was most ungenerous."

"Say, rather, it was unavoidable. When the House consented to pass the law which recognised such marriages up to a certain date, I presume you know why it was so warmly supported by the duke and the Cabinet."

"To render his nephew legitimate."

"Exactly so. And a pledge, not the less binding from its being a tacit one, was then given by his grace to oppose all further concession. So the opponents of the measure understood it, and yielded a little to secure the future."

"It was a short-sighted policy," exclaimed Rislip.

"There, my lord, I agree with you."

"They should have opposed the Act as a compromise between a great principle and a great interest. Had they done so, common sense must have triumphed over prejudice and antique superstition, and the obnoxious law have been effaced from the statute-book."

"Yes, the latitudinarians defeated themselves there," observed Baraclough. "What they considered a step in advance proved the seal of a transaction. Thus, you see, his grace found himself compelled to oppose your motion."

"And what is the consequence?" continued his companion. "I am heirless."

"*At present.*"

"My peerage becomes extinct."

"You are still young," observed the minister significantly. "But enough on that point. Perhaps I have presumed too much upon our friendship already. Am I to understand," he added, assuming a most diplomatic air, "that your feelings are too resentful to allow you to act in concert in public life with those who opposed you on that occasion? Opposed you with regret," he added.

"Nay, my lord. I did not imply that."

"The question is fairly put."

"And shall be answered quite as frankly. No, my lord; unhandsomely as I conceive myself to have been treated on that occasion, should the opportunity of serving my country offer, I should feel myself bound to accept it as a duty to my name and position."

"And would it be understood—for, of course, no direct pledge could be asked—that whilst you were a member of the Cabinet the question should never be mooted by you."

Rislip paused.

"I ask this because I have reason to know that an insuperable objection exists in the very highest quarter to the present settlement of the marriage law being disturbed."

"It might be understood."

As he pronounced the words a faint blush suffused the cheek of Lord Rislip. He was but young in politics. It was the abandonement of the principle he had so loudly proclaimed; an act of treason to the woman he had so cruelly deceived.

"Then nothing further need be said on the subject at present," observed the minister, "beyond the simple fact that Ellerton is about to resign."

"I have heard it whispered."

"I tell you so officially," said the peer. "Of course I shall have to consult my colleagues before anything definite can be decided as to his successor."

Already in imagination Lord Rislip felt himself a minister.

"By-the-bye," added the speaker, "when do you intend to return to the Priory?"

"In about a fortnight."

The great man appeared to reflect.

"I can be there sooner if——"

"No: that will do very well; I shall have ample time. I will pay you a visit, my lord, on my way to the north, after the meeting of the Cabinet, which I now feel it more necessary than ever to hasten before a hundred conflicting interests and intrigues are set in motion." At the very instant the speaker uttered this he well knew that the successor of Lord Ellerton was already decided on. "It will be quite a surprise to the Liberals," he added.

"Permit me to observe that I have never identified myself so completely with their party as to make it a defection from their ranks should I accept office."

"Certainly not. You are a safe man."

"They assisted me in my views, and I——"

Lord Rislip hesitated.

"Used them," said his brother peer. "Nothing could be more natural. By-the-bye, you need not have a large party at the Priory to meet me; just a dozen or so, to avoid giving my visit the formality of an official character."

"I understand; the Charltons and——"

"Just whom you please; but it will be as well to invite them, being so nearly related to me. It will give our meeting the appearance of a family party."

That same day the invitations were given and accepted.

"My dear uncle," said Eleanor Charlton, as with a countenance radiant with triumph she sought the peer in his dressing-room, "you have worked a miracle."

"With very common materials," observed his lordship. "Rislip, without being a fool, is the most inordinately vain man I ever met. No flattery is too strong for him."

"Did you try him?"

"Yes: but of course I took care to graduate my doses."

"He is vain," said Eleanor musingly.

"I cannot imagine what you can see in him."

"His coronet and fifty thousand per year."

"Well, there is some excuse in that view of the case," replied her relative good-humoredly.

The lady might have added that herself was no longer in the first bloom of youth. Time has already assured her of her thirty-second year.

"It would have lowered you in my opinion," observed her uncle, "had you been weak enough to love him; he is an egoist of the first water."

"Are not all men so?"

"Not all," replied the peer; "and it is most ungrateful of you to think such a thing. Here have I been laboring, scheming, and diplomatizing, for no other reason than to please you."

"Now, is that really true, uncle?"

"Of course it is."

"And the fact of Rislip having two boroughs at his command"—our readers must recollect that the time of our tale preceded the Reform Bill—"did not influence you."

Lord Barsclough colored slightly.

"There, go, naughty man," added his niece, kissing him. "I forgive you."

"Extraordinary girl," muttered the peer, as she quitted the room. "Would have made a first-rate diplomat; but there, the talent seems in the family."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LORD RISLIP found himself placed in an embarrassing position between the promise he had made his wife to respect her perhaps somewhat morbid desire for privacy and the invitation he had given to Barsclough and the Charltons. For two days he meditated how to break the intelligence to her. In the first letter, he entered into a long explanation of his motives; the necessity of maintaining his position in the country; the sacrifices due to his name and station; told her how the invitation had been forced from him.

It was anything but satisfactory, but it at least gave a reason for his conduct, and it might have been better had he sent it. But no; demon pride intervened; and after writing several others, more or less verbose, which shared the same fate as the first, he sent a brief communication simply announcing the fact that in a month's time a large party were to meet at the Priory, and requesting her to have everything in readiness for their reception.

He knew that his instructions would be complied with. Lucy had too high a sense of duty to think for one moment of disputing the command of her husband. Although far advanced on the road of indifference, his lordship felt slightly nervous as he broke the seal, when he read as follows:

"MY DEAR HUSBAND—Everything shall be arranged to the best of my poor judgment for the reception of your visitors, as you have directed."

"So," muttered the earl, "she is coming to her senses. I have been too weak with her."

"As I can not, will not, for one instant imagine a wish on your part to break the promise you have so frequently made me, I request your permission to pay a long promised visit to my cousin, Madame Pishert, during the stay of the Charltons and Lord Barsclough at the Priory."

"Obstinate to the last," muttered the peer. "Does she think by this move to induce me to put off their visit? She will find herself mistaken."

"To render my absence less marked at such a moment," continued the writer, "I propose, with your consent, to leave the Priory a week at least before the arrival of your guests. Pray write to me at once. Our boy is quite well, and would unite with his mother in the expression of her affectionate duty."

It was signed, "LUCY."

There was not one word of reproach for his broken faith in the letter, but its coldness griped and the request annoyed him. he was too proud a man to refuse it, or explain the dilemma in which the clever tactics of Eleanor Charlton and her wily relatives had placed him.

"She is playing a dangerous game," muttered his lordship, crushing the letter in his hand. "She wishes to leave Rislip. Let her go."

In the angry feeling of the moment he wrote a cold dry permission, telling her to act as she pleased. The next day he bitterly regretted it; but regret as it generally does, came too late. The blow was struck, and he could not recall it.

A woman of the world, conscious of her innocence, would have defended her position as a wife inch by inch, claimed, and very probably maintained, her status in society, have posed in victim instead of culprit, made friends, partizans—in short, have rendered it a moral impossibility for the man who had deceived her by an illegal marriage to have cast her off. True, she could not have secured the rights of her son the dry, hard, unpitying law, on the death of his father, would have decided against him.

But Lucy was not a woman of the world. She had no idea of playing a game which Eleanor Charlton in her place would have made a drawn instead of a loosing one so far as she herself was individually concerned. As long as her conscience told her that she had not sinned, the mind of Lucy was at peace with Heaven. It was earth she feared—the scorn and censure of her fellow creatures. She might endure a false position in solitude, but lacked the courage to face it openly. Although greatly shocked at the tone of her husband's letter, the cool indifference with which he accorded the permission she had asked, Lady Rislip continued to superintend the preparations for his visitors. Nothing was neglected that she thought might afford him pleasure.

When everything was completed she informed her waiting maid of her intention to quit the Priory on the following day.

"What, my lady!" exclaimed the abigail. "And guests a-coming!"

"Even so, Susan."

"Well, how strange! What will my lord say?"

"My husband is perfectly aware of my intention, and approves it. I am too nervous, too fond of retirement to mingle in society."

"Of course, my lady, you know best."

"I am going to pay a long promised visit to my cousin, Madame Pishert, who, I fear, is ill, for I have had no reply to my last two letters, and her silence alarms me."

"Oh, that is a very different thing, my lady," exclaimed the woman, who really felt sincerely attached to her mistress. "Do nurse and baby go too?"

"The child, certainly," replied Lucy; "but I should like to dispense with the nurse if you would not think it too much trouble to assist me with him."

"Not in the least, your ladyship."

It was arranged accordingly. Of course the intended departure of their mistress afforded gossip and speculation in the servants' hall. The housekeeper shook her head ominously.

"The beginning of the end," whispered the butler in her ear.

"What is that you said?" said Susan, who overheard him. "The beginning of the end? What end?"

"The usual one."

"And what do you call the usual one?"

"You are young an inexperienced, my dear," replied the butler, "or you would not have asked that question. Would she?"

"Certainly not," said the housekeeper.

"When you have lived in as many noble families as we have done, seen as many strange choppings and changes, you will understand the premonitory signs."

Having delivered this diplomatic speech, to which the housekeeper nodded approvingly, the butler relapsed into a dignified silence.

The departure of Lady Rislip the following morning gave rise to a renewal of the comments in the servants' hall. The coachman remarked significantly that she had selected a carriage without arms; a second domestic, that only her own maid accompanied her, no footman, and post horses.

What conclusion could they come to but that a real countess would not travel so?

Lucy had made the arrangement without the slightest suspicion of the comments it might give rise to. In her natural love of simplicity she wished to avoid anything approaching display in her visit to Minerva Lodge, the residence of her eccentric relative. She did not even take her jewels with her—a proof, as the housekeeper sagaciously observed, that she felt she had no legitimate right to them.

"Ten to one," said the butler, "that we don't see her again at the Priory."

"Done," said the head cook.

"Well, I didn't exactly mean to offer it as a bet."

"I hope we shall see her again," exclaimed one of the housemaids. "We can never have a kinder mistress, nor a better lady, be the next who she may. If her marriage is not legal, more shame to my lord than to her," she added warmly. "It ought to be."

An inexpressible feeling of sadness fell upon the unhappy wife as she quitted the magnificent park which surrounded her husband's donation. It was a cold windy day, and the arms of the gnarled oaks seemed to wave an adieu to her, the rustling of the fallen leaves to whisper the word "Farewell." She was not superstitious, but the omen oppressed her.

"Oh, my lady!" suddenly exclaimed the waiting maid, who had the infant upon her lap; "such a misfortune has occurred."

"Misfortune, Susan!"

"Pray don't be angry."

"Not unreasonably."

"I forgot to post the letter you gave me five days since for Madame Pishert. I have just found it crushed up in my pocket."

Lucy felt too pleased at the silence of her relative being thus satisfactorily accounted for to chide the poor girl very severely.

"It was the hurry of packing up, my lady, that made me forget it. You told me it was not to go in the letter-bag with the others."

"The fault is as much mine as yours, Susan," replied her mistress. "I do not think it will much signify. Madame is doubtless at home."

"But if not, my lady?"

Poor Lucy felt embarrassed for a reply she knew not where else to go.

Her position in truth was a desolate one. She had no father to receive her. Her brother was from England. No mother to advise and welcome her.

It was at the close of the evening when the carriage drove up in front of Minerva Lodge, and the postillion had to knock several times before anyone answered his summons. At last the front door was partially opened, and Herr Pishert made his appearance.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed; "der Grafine!"

"Is my cousin ill?" demanded Lucy.

"Yes, Grafine very ill—too much ill to see any persons; the doctors verbode it. You cannot see her."

"Not see her?"

"No; she will have only me to speak mit her."

A second person, a grey-bearded sinister-looking old man, joined the speaker, and asked him in German what was the matter.

"Go back," replied the Herr, in the same language.

"I tell you that I must see her," said Lady Rislip firmly; "I have come from the Priory on purpose to visit her. You ought to have acquainted me by letter with her illness."

A whispered consultation between the two men followed.

"What is the meaning of this strange conduct?"

"Mine wife will not see you," replied the Herr in a resolute voice. "She is very bad—not long to live, I fear; and her friends shall not rob me of all properties. I am master here."

A dreadful suspicion crossed the mind of Lucy.

"If she will be better in the morning I will send for you."

"But where am I to go?"

"Back to Rislip."

"But will you not take a message for me?"

"Impossible! I will write to you."

A woman with harsh features now joined them. Evidently there were three Germans in the house.

The visitors knew not what to think.

"Go home," continued the Herr; "I will be sure to write to you."

So saying, he closed the door, and Lady Rislip heard the bolts carefully drawn.

"Oh, my lady, what horrid-looking persons!" exclaimed the waiting-maid. "I hope you are not going to remain here."

"And why not?"

"I do not think it would be safe."

Lucy, like many of her sex, was only courageous where her affections were concerned. She recollected what Madame Pishert had told her respecting her husband's attempt to induce her to make a will, and she began to suspect foul play.

As she had not heard the retreating footsteps of the Herr and his confederates if confederates they were, she doubted not but that they were still listening at the door.

"Very well, then," she said. "I rely upon your promise to write to me; but recollect, unless I hear, I shall return. Will you answer me?"

"Yes; I will be sure to write," replied Herr Pishert.

Lucy resumed her seat in the chaise, and directed the driver to proceed to London.

"To London!" repeated Susie. "Oh, my lady, do let me advise you to go home. I shall not feel safe till I see Rislip again."

"Not to-night," said Lucy, firmly. "I have duty to perform. I fear there is some treachery being practiced against my cousin."

"And what can we do, my lady? Two weak helpless women and a child, against those nasty foreigners."

The mistress reflected for several minutes before arranging her plan and having once decided she pursued it steadily.

"Tell the man to drive to Lincoln's inn-fields," she said. "Thank Heaven I am not without a protector."

She thought of her brother's old friend, Tom Briarly, and resolved to consult him on her scheme.

Mr. Quarl and his nephew were at dinner when the housekeeper brought up a card and presented it to the latter, whose hand trembled as he read the name.

"My dear boy, what is the matter?"

Poor Tom could not reply, his agitation was so great.

"Some woman, sir, in a post chay," replied the housekeeper, rejoicing in the idea of being able to do Tom an ill turn, if possible in the opinion of his uncle.

The old man took the card and read it. He understood in an instant the cause of the poor fellow's emotion.

"Show the lady into the drawing room," he said, "and mark me, if you wish to remain in my service, treat her with as much respect as you would a duchess."

"Yes, sir. I only meant——"

"Away with you," interrupted her master sternly. "I know exactly what you meant."

Mrs. Driver, like many women who conduct the establishments of elderly bachelors, had looked upon the lawyer as a sort of personal property, or if not exactly a property, a perquisite pertaining to her place. Once she thought of inducing him to marry her. Finding that her smart caps and devoted attention awoke no matrimonial feelings in his breast, she next decided on becoming his heiress. The introduction of Tom Briarly into the family had dissipate this last hope, and she hated him.

Anything likely to make an unfavorable impression on his somewhat eccentric uncle was eagerly seized upon by the mercenary creature. Hence the expression. "Some woman in a post-chay."

"Be calm, my dear boy," said his uncle. "Recollect that Lucy is now a wife."

"Is she a wife?"

"Well, not legally; but in the sight of Heaven, in the opinion also of a very large sect of Christains, and what is more to the purpose, to her own conscience."

"Yes, I can believe that. She is too pure, too simple minded, to remain one hour with Lord Rislip if she thought otherwise."

"Shall I see her for you?"

"No, uncle," replied the young man. "Something must have occurred of a serious character to bring her thus suddenly to call upon me. I have a duty to friendship to perform. In the absence of her brother Frank I consider myself her protector."

"Right, Tom; right."

"I am quite ready."

"I will accompany you," said the lawyer. "It will break the formality of the interview. If she require advice, my experience may be of service. You are too young to act the part of a knight errant. The world has many idle tongues, and it will use them."

Poor Lucy was too much agitated herself by the alarm she naturally felt for the safety of her relative to notice the flushed cheek and hesitating manner of Tom Briarly when he entered the drawing room accompanied by his uncle.

She had never suspected his passion for her, and received him as an old friend.

"Oh, Mr. Briarly," she exclaimed, "I have come to you in great distress of mind. Frank is absent, and you are the only friend I can apply to for assistance."

"I will not fail you."

"I feel certain that you will not."

"Pray compose yourself, Lady Rislip," said the uncle, "and inform us in what way we can have the happiness of being useful to you. In the absence of your brother, absent from England on my affairs I feel doubly bound to act in any manner you may desire."

"Thank you," replied their visitor warmly. "Has Lord Rislip——"

Tom was about to put a most indiscreet question; to ask whether his lordship had determined to ignore the marriage.

"It has nothing to do with my husband," interrupted Lucy.

"Thank Heaven!" mentally ejaculated the lawyer.

"But my cousin, Madame Pishert, who I have reason to suppose is being made the victim of some foul play on the part of her husband."

"What!" said Mr. Quarl. "That smooth-faced, oily-tongued German. I never liked the fellow. But pray proceed with your statement."

Lady Rislip proceeded to relate the circumstances of her reception at Minerva Lodge, the refusal to admit her into the house, the presency of several foreigners, the non appearance of any English servants, and her reason for believing that her letters to Madame Pishert had been suppressed.

Mr. Quarl listened attentively.

"You must advise me how to act," she added. "I cannot rest till I am assured of the safety of my kind-hearted but somewhat eccentric relative, to whom I owe a deep debt of gratitude."

Although Tom Briarly did not feel quite so grateful for the conduct of madame, by whose influence he suspected the marriage which had frustrated the dearest hope of his existence had been brought about, he determined to act promptly in her favor, for no time was to be lost.

"This is evidently a case of sequestration and unlawful imprisonment," he said, addressing his uncle. "Herr Pishert and his accomplices will doubtless be alarmed by the visit of the countess, and hasten the completion of their iniquitous project. Not an hour is to be lost."

"Right," said Mr. Quarl ringing the bell. "We must proceed to Minerva Lodge."

"Pray let me accompany you," said Lucy.

"You are too much fatigued, Lady Rislip, I fear. The journey, the agitation——"

"Are nothing, uncle," interrupted Tom, "to the dreadful pain of uncertainty. It is my opinion that Lucy—I beg pardon," he added, correcting himself, "had better go with us. It will give a sanction to our proceedings."

The lawyer directed the servant who answered his summons to go instantly for fresh post horses, and writing a hasty note, he dispatched his nephew with it to the nearest police-office. For many reasons he did not choose to leave the young people by themselves. True, he could have answered for the honor of Tom, but not for his discretion.

The poor fellow had a most unfortunate habit of giving way to his feelings.

"At least, Lady Rislip," he said, "you will permit the nurse and the infant to remain here till our return. It would be folly to expose him to the night air."

The offer was gratefully accepted.

"Have you heard from Mr. Beacham lately?" he inquired.

"He has never written to me once since his sudden flitting from Paris," replied her ladyship, in a tone which indicated how deeply she felt her father's unkindness.

"Bad man: selfish man."

"Oh, Mr. Quarl, I must not hear this."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE POLICE OF PARIS.

THE Parisian police may be classed under three principal heads. These three great Branches are charged respectively with the political, criminal and civil code of Paris and, indirectly, of all France. They are served actively by an army of agents or members, in uniform or out of it, according to their duties and varying in number with the services they have to perform. The political police is ruled direct from the head government. Of the other grand divisions of the police, the criminal may for the moment be left on one side. The civil police, on the other hand, exists mainly for the comfort and material well-being of the inhabitants of Paris. It is at once paternal, protective, charitable; it is nominally responsible for the maintenance of public decency and morality; it supervises the Parisian's food, his methods of moving; it will, if he need it, take care of him from the cradle to the grave. It shows a constant fatherly care for all friendless children—for gamins of the gutter as well as the lost or wilfully abandoned waif. One bureau is especially charged with this, and is in daily communication with the asylum for foundlings. Every morning the police pass on to the asylum all foundlings picked up in the streets, often a numerous band, as well as all those whose parents are for the moment in trouble, whether in the hospital or in jail. The Morgue, on the other hand, that well known ghastly dead house, is also an asylum. Every corpse brought there, whether fished up from the Seine or discovered dead in the streets, has been already examined by a doctor and by a policeman, reports from whom, with all particulars, are at once forwarded to the central office. The whole of the arrangements by which Paris is fed are closely watched and supervised by the civil police. The control of all halls and markets, the verification of weights, the inspection of all articles of food, have long fallen exclusively within the province of the police service. The eye of the police is everywhere. It examines closely all carcasses slaughtered, and through its inspectors who must affix the official stamp before it is sold, guarantees the circulation of sound, pure meat. A body of sworn tasters, again, are visiting perpetually all establishments for the sale of liquors and they have full powers to seize and condemn all wine, brandy, or beer which they find to be adulterated. Other officials are constantly employed in watching the retailers of all kinds of food.

POSTAL FRAUDS.—When heavy postage was in existence various methods were employed in cheating the revenue. A newspaper was often sent by post in an envelope; inside the latter a long epistle was often written in invisible ink, generally milk. When this was dry the writing could not be seen. By holding the paper to the fire the writing came out in a sepia color, and the law was broken. Other senders, in place of writing in milk on the covers of newspapers, made slight dots in ordinary ink under such printed letters as suited their purpose for conveying intelligence. This was troublesome for both sender and receiver, and it was used only for brief messages. The postal tax pressed most heavily on the poor, but the ingenious poor discovered means to evade it. For instance, a son or daughter in town despatched a letter to parents in the country, who were too poor to pay the postage. The parents declined to take such letter in, which they had a legal right to do. Returned to the general post office, the letter on being opened was found to be a blank sheet of paper. The fact is the parents and children had agreed to send these blank sheets as indications that all was well with the sender; the receiver got that much of news and had nothing to pay for it. The letter was never taken unless there was a particular mark on the cover, which intimated that something of importance was to be read within. Heavy postage made long letters. As the receivers paid the postage, they naturally expected their money's worth. Often a sheet of foolscap was crossed and recrossed, and not a hair breadth of the paper was left without its line.

BREAD.—During the siege of Paris by Henry IV., owing to the famine which then raged, bread, which had been sold whilst any remained for a crown a pound, was at last made from the bones of the charnel house of the Holy Innocents. In the time of James I. the usual bread of the poor was made of barley; and now in Iceland, cod fish, beaten to powder, is made into bread; and the poor use potato bread in many parts of Ireland. Earth has been eaten as bread in some parts of the world; near Moscow is a portion of land whose clay will ferment when mixed with flour.

It is no test of amiability to be good-natured in the few and rare moments of serenity when all human troubles seem to have subsided. It is the man who, when troubled himself, can preserve a calm and cheerful exterior to cheer those around him, who, when oppressed by cares, has yet an encouraging word for his brother.

Scientific and Useful.

NEW BRICKS.—New bricks before laying, will absorb one-fifteenth of their weight in water, and should always be wetted down before being laid in mortar.

HOW TO KEEP TOOLS BRIGHT.—When tools are clean and bright, they may be kept so by wiping, before putting them away, with a cloth dipped in melted paraffine. If they are rusted, they may be cleaned by soaking in kerosene oil, and then rubbing with an oily rag dipped in fine emery powder.

DOG MOTOR.—At the recent Applied Science Exhibition in Paris, a clothier exhibited a motor which was turned by a poodle dog confined in a revolving cage. The dog was able to drive four sewing machines. Women who have heretofore been accustomed to support their poodle dogs in idleness may now make them useful.

THE TEETH.—That infirm teeth can be taken out and replanted in the jaw with good effect, has been already shown. The subject still occupies the attention of dentists, for the President of the Society of Dentists mentions in his anniversary address, that the "replantation of teeth promises at no distant period to pass out of the domain of experiment, and to take its place, within certain limits, among accepted and recognised surgical proceedings."

THE EYE.—Many years ago oculists in St Petersburg proved that cataract could be cured by application of electricity. In their mode of treatment, a needle was inserted in the substance of the lens of the eye, and was connected with the negative pole of a galvanic battery, and the positive electrode was placed on the patient's tongue. Short applications of a mild current resulted, in all the cases, in the liquefaction and final absorption of the cataract. This operation is becoming more common.

HINTS.—Ivory may be dyed by any of the ordinary methods employed for dyeing woollen goods. To clean straw hats, rub the soiled straw with a cut lemon, and wash off the juice with water. Stiffen with gum water. It is computed that one burning gas jet will consume as much air as five persons. Most people dry their umbrella, handle upwards. This concentrates the moisture at the tip, where it is close, rusts the wires which secure the stretchers, and rots the silk. After the umbrella is drained it is better to invert it, handle down, and dry it in that position. Do not spread it open, as nothing so quickly spoils its shape.

GILDING CHINA.—The application of gold leaf to chinaware is done either by an adhesive varnish, or by heat. The varnish is prepared by dissolving in hot boiled linseed oil an equal weight of either amber or copal. This is diluted with a proper quantity of oil of turpentine so as to be applied as thin as possible to the parts to be gilt. Let it stand after varnishing about twenty four hours, then heat in an oven until so warm as almost to burn the fingers when handled. The heat softens the varnish, which is then ready to receive the gold leaf, which may be applied with a brush or pledget of cotton, and the superfluous portions brushed off. Burnish when cold, interposing a piece of thin paper between the gold and burnisher. Where burning in is practised the gold reduced to powder is mixed with powdered borax glass, moistened with a little gum water, and applied to the clean surface with a camel hair pencil. When quite dry the article is put into a stove heated to about the temperature of an annealing oven. The gum burns off, and the borax, by vitrifying, cements the gold with great firmness to the surface.

Farm and Garden.

CLOVER.—Clover is the best forage for geese, and one acre is sufficient for fifty birds. Young ducks and geese until three weeks old should be fed on bread soaked in cold water. That made from coarse flour is the best.

TESTING EGGS.—In testing eggs, the fresher the egg the smaller the air chamber. This can be seen at the broad end of the egg if it be held up against a strong light in a dark room. Stale eggs have a mottled, greyish look about them. A new-laid egg will always give a feeling of warmth if the tongue is pressed to the large end.

CHIP DIRT.—Many farmers do not know that they have a mine of wealth—a small one—in the very dooryard. Chip-dirt is the very best material to mix with the soil in setting out young trees. It is full of the elements of plant food and retains moisture. If you are setting out a new orchard plow up and utilize the soil from the old wood pile.

STUBBORN CATTLE.—An English ship captain states that he can always get a bullock upon shipboard, when other measures fail, by adopting the following simple method. Taking out the stopper of a vinegar cruet, placing his finger on the mouth of the cruet, turning it up and then applying his wet finger to the nose of the beast. The effect is instantaneous: the bullock, with a sneeze and a shake of his head, is on his legs at once. As cattle are often stubborn elsewhere than in shipping, it might be worth trying.

THE CANKER WORM.—As soon as the frost leaves the surface of the ground, and we have a few days of warm sunshine, the grub of the canker worm will leave its winter quarters and take up its line of march for the trunks of apple trees up which, if no obstruction prevents, it will climb to deposit, on the smaller branches, its eggs. Apple trees in localities where this destructive enemy is found should be at once looked after: if they are not protected by patent protectors, a strip of tarred paper a foot in width should be tied around the trunk and kept well covered with tar, printer's ink, or a preparation made by melting four parts of rosin with one part linseed oil. The greatest care should be taken to keep the paper covered during the month of April so thick with some sticky substance that no grub can pass over it.

HINTS.—You may enlarge your plants by watering them with a weak solution of nitre. The flower of the linden tree is a great favorite with bees. Never feed decayed roots of any kind to cows giving milk. One decayed turnip fed to a cow would affect the milk of fifty cows if mixed together. In transplanting trees never set them deeper in the ground than they were originally before they were moved. The roots of grape vines should always be kept near the surface, since their roots never run deeper. Eggs for hatching should not be more than two weeks old. Never overload a team nor discourage it by a too heavy pull at first starting; nor start from a bad place if possible to avoid it.

New Publications.

By a fire February 20th at the printing establishment of Messrs. Rockwell & Churchill, D. Lothrop & Co. lost the plates of "Chips from the White House," then on the press; but the book of 432 pages was again put in type, printed from new plates, bound, and ready for delivery on the 28th.

Mr. Paul H. Hayne, the Southern poet, lives in a rought cot of pine boards on the Georgia Railroad, about twenty miles from Augusta, where, completely isolated from the social and artistic world, he devotes his life to literary work. A complete edition of his poems, to be sold by subscription, is in preparation by the Boston publishers, D. Lothrop & Co.

A work which bids fair to rival, in typographical splendor and scientific interest, Lord Kingsborough's great work on "Mexican Antiquities," is "The Necropolis of Ancon in Peru." It is a monograph on the civilization and industry of the Empire of the Incas, as illustrated by excavations made on the spot by W. Riess and A. Stübel. The work was projected under the auspices of the Directors of the Berlin Royal Museum, and the English edition is limited to 250 copies, 100 of which have been imported by Dodd, Mead & Company, of New York, who have the exclusive sale of the work in this country.

"Victor Hugo—His Life and Works," from the French of Alfred Barbou, by Frances A. Shaw, with portraits and fac-simile letter, is just published. Victor Hugo is the most famous Frenchman of the present day—perhaps the most famous French author of this century. This work, besides telling graphically the story of his life, follows out the development of his genius, and enumerates and briefly analyses his works. It is enthusiastic, but impartial. The work is full of delightful personal details. Sold by all booksellers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, by S. C. Griggs & Co., publishers, Chicago.

"A Fair Barbarian," just issued by Osgood & Co., is undoubtedly one of the best of the many written by Mrs. Burnett. In plot it perhaps does not surpass others from her pen, but in dialogue it is perfection itself. It is a clever, airy sketch of an American girl of a certain type, and incidentally of some commonplace English people. She is "The Fair Barbarian" who gives title to the story. She is of the most conventional type of the more cultivated of her sex. Her father is a speculator in the mines of Nevada, and his daughter has lived with him amid the surroundings of the frontier. She talks familiarly of "Bloody Gulch," and horrifies her English associates in many other ways. With it all she is lovely and fascinating, fresh and frank, and irresistibly draws the reader to her. There is never the remotest slacking of interest or suspicion of dulness in all its pages. It is altogether a book that one longs to go through at a sitting, whether it can be done or not. Osgood & Co., publishers. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

MAGAZINES.

The Leonard Scott republication of the January number of the Westminster Review contains the following papers: "The Progress of Shipbuilding in England," "Plato as a Reformer," "The Early History of Charles James Fox," "The Irish Land Question," "The Science of History," "Afghanistan," "Bimetallism and the Finances of India," "India and Our Colonial Empire," and contemporary literature. The number closes with an Index of Vol. CXIV. For sale by W. S. Lieber, of this city.

A paper by R. W. Emerson, on his personal impressions of Thomas Carlyle, made up from his unpublished letters written at the time of his first visit to England, will appear in Scribner for May.

The same Publishing Company have issued the March number of Blackwood's Magazine, which opens with a paper on "Ireland Under Ordinary Law." This is followed by Part V. of the serial, "The Private Secretary," "Among the Albanians," "On Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters, III," "Desdemona," "Mr. Cox's Protege, Part II," "Homer's Sea Epic Rendered Ballad Measure," "No. II of the Anti-biographies," "Lord Herbert of Cherbury," "The Political Situation," "The Highland Tartar," by Lady John Manners. For sale by W. S. Lieber.

Sir Julius Benedict, the famous London composer, who, as pianist and director, accompanied Jenny Lind in her American tour in 1850, has written a biographical and critical paper on "the Swedish Nightingale" for the May Scribner.

In the North American Review for April is a noteworthy article by Judge A. W. Tourgee, in which the reformers of the civil service are put on the defensive. The same number of the Review contains, under the fanciful title, "The Thing that Might Be," a profoundly philosophical study of the laws and conditions of human progress, by the Rev. Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln College Oxford. The third article is a defense of the Roman Catholic side of the controversy about religion in the public schools, from the pen of Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester. The great problem of the government control of monopolies is discussed with reference to railway management, by the Hon. George Ticknor Curtis. The same problem, in its bearing upon telegraph lines, is ably discussed by Hon. Wm. M. Springer. Other articles are "The Historic Genesis of Protestantism," and "The Poet Longfellow." In the May number will be published another of M. Charney's very instructive papers. North American Review Company, New York, publishers.

The Library Magazine, Vols. VI and VII. Its contents are limited to choice selections from English and Continental magazines and reviews, discarding, however, all fiction and distinctively light literature. Beginning with the issue for December, 1880, American topics, treated by American thinkers and writers of established reputation in literature, are introduced. The contents of the two last volumes are fully up to the mark of those previous.

Potter's American Monthly for April contains the following articles: "A Visit to Kinnerhasset's Island," illustrated with nine engravings; "At Munich in 1880," "The Queen's Roses," illustrated; the second instalment of "Kith and Kin;" "The Flight of Love," a pretty German love-song; "Fan Flutterings," illustrated; Glimpses I. L.—XVI. of Miss Abolton's capital "Cynic;" an instructive and suggestive paper on George Eliot; a pleasant April First story, etc., etc. The editorial departments comprise Current Topics, Table-Talk, Home and Society, and Pot-Pourri—all full and interesting. Subscription price, $3 00 a year. John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

It is said that a long upper lip indicates a certain degree of good nature. But the less lip the better nature on the part of unwilling listeners.

A Handsome Watch.

It has been found by experiment that certain metals compounded with a given percentage of gold will produce a metal equal in appearance and durability to pure gold. E. G. Richard & Co., of New York, whose advertisement appears in another column, have taken advantage of this knowledge to encase works of the best American make in cases made of Aluminium gold, thereby producing a watch as handsome in appearance as a gold watch worth $100, and moreover, just as good a timekeeper for the reason that the same works are used in the Aluminium gold-cased watch as in the genuine gold one. The advertisers claim for these watches: 1. That they will not vary if regularly wound. 2. That the cases will retain the color of gold. 3. That the most expert jewelers cannot distinguish them from gold watches even when the acid test is applied. 4. That the jewels are genuine. 5. That the movement is genuine American. 6 Every merit that is claimed for any gold watch costing $50 or $100. We have seen and examined one of these watches, and find it to have every appearance of a genuine gold watch. For prices etc., read their mammoth advertisement in another column. The firm is perfectly reliable.—[Chicago Express.

How Organs are Made

An intelligent and interesting account of the construction of that useful and beautiful instrument, the Parlor Organ, is given in our columns by the celebrated Organ House, Messrs. Marshal & Smith. How the sweet and beautiful tones are produced in this most popular and elegant instrument is fully explained. They show how the grand combinations of musical power are produced, by their simple and perfect methods, and they give fully the details of the sweet and charming variety of musical effects. The skill, taste, and genius displayed in their Organs can only be acquired by long and diligent application, but by their lucid description, we see the processes by which these excellent results are reached. Their article well pays for reading.

Hurrah for our Side!

Many people have lost their interest in politics and in amusements because they are so out of sorts and run down that they cannot enjoy anything. If such persons would only be wise enough to try that celebrated remedy Kidney-Wort and experience its tonic and renovating effects they would soon be hurrahing with the loudest. In either dry or liquid form it is a perfect remedy for torpid liver, kidneys, or bowels.—Exchange.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

TO THE CONSUMPTIVE.—WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF COD LIVER OIL AND LIME without possessing the very nauseating flavor of the article as heretofore used is endowed by the Phosphate of Lime with a healing property which renders the Oil doubly efficacious. Remarkable testimonials of its efficacy can be shown to those who desire to see them. Sold by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, and all druggists.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wambold, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

The best thing in the world for Rough, Chapped, or Chafed Skin, is Pearl's White Glycerine. Use Pearl's White Glycerine Soap.

Hop Bitters cures by removing the cause of sickness and restoring vitality. See notice.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

A GREAT OFFER!

On receipt of ten 2-cent stamps on or before June 15, 1881, we will send to any address in the U. S. one of our

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SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 19, 1879.

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"A FEW MINUTES."

ACTIVE, executive people have generally the reputation, from their opposites, of being ill-tempered people. Self-trained to the observance of the admirable old maxim, that "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," they are naturally disgusted with dawdling inefficiency and sloth in any shape. Chary of the precious flying moments, the most intolerable of vexations to them is to have their time trespassed upon, and wasted, in a million petty and unnecessary ways, by the stupidity or culpable thoughtlessness of those about them.

Now what is called 'an easy person," that is, a person who is not self-contained, on whose hands time hangs heavily, cannot be made to understand why a person of an opposite description need make a fuss about a few minutes. Why, "what is a few minutes?" they ask. Much—much in the course of a lifetime to those who carefully husband them.

Those "few minutes" may make all the difference between an educated and an uneducated person; between a man independent in his circumstances, and a man always under the grinding heel of want; all the difference between intelligence, thrift, and system on the one hand, and ignorance, and discomfort on the other. Those "few minutes," carefully improved as they occur, have filled libraries with profound and choice volumes; those "few minutes," saved for mental cultivation, have enabled men, and women too, to shed over a life of toil a brightness which made even monotonous duty a delight. Such can ill afford to be robbed of them by those unable to appreciate their value.

Like the infinitesimal gold scrapings of the mint, let them not be purloined, or carelessly brushed away by idle fingers, but conscientiously gathered up and accounted for, to be molten and stamped with thought, then distributed to bless mankind.

SANCTUM CHAT

THE treasurer of Christ's Hospital wrote to the Lord Mayor of London recently suggesting that an alteration should be made with regard to the visit of the boys of Christ's Hospital on Easter Tuesday, when they are presented with a glass of wine each and buns and money gifts. The wine was the item objected to; but the time-honored visit takes place as usual, and no change whatever made.

—

AN English correspondent writing from China represents affairs as pretty stationary there. The examinations for appointments in the army, for example, are conducted just as they were hundreds of years ago, and the successful candidates are youths who have shown a skill in archery which the American or English girl would laugh at. Except in the camps of defence, the old drill of antics, contortions and somersaults to frighten the enemy, is daily gone through in every barracks in China.

—

A CORRESPONDENT of a London paper writes that matrimony, an expensive luxury at all times, is rendered still more so in England by a tax upon wedding-rings. The duty is something over four dollars an ounce, and the revenue derived therefrom is about $100,000 per annum. The fashion of wearing very thick wedding-rings has greatly increased the revenues of late years, viz: $30,000 to $100,000. The correspondent adds: "Foreigners may well laugh at our calling ourselves a free trade nation. In no other country in the world is a wedding-ring taxed"

—

VERILY it is hard to carry out total abstinence principles. If investigations are trustworthy, there is no longer much comfort or credit in refusing the mild stimulus of wine sauce, for alcohol is found in spring, river, sea and rain water and in sugar. Nay, more; it pre-exists, in the state of vapor, in the very air which the teetotaller, in common with the rest of mankind, is compelled to breathe. Moreover, little would be gained if he should refuse to breathe and die for his principles, for his moral remains would absorb alcohol from the earth in which they were laid.

—

NOTWITHSTANDING the restrictions adopted by the School Committee, there is still, occasionally, corporal punishment in the Boston schools, but it is not inflicted by the teachers. A vicious boy recently kicked a female teacher in one of the schools at the Highlands. The kick would have been attended with serious results had it not been for the lady's watch, the crystal of which was smashed by the operation. The teacher sent for the boy's mother; she came; inquired into the circumstances of the offence; took the boy by the collar and sent him spinning down stairs. The mother motioned to him to stop, and said she was going to the bottom of the stairs to kick the boy out, he was of such an ugly temper. The Transcript does not know whether or not this mother was one of the opponents of corporal punishment in the schools.

—

THERE are many curious traditional formalities in connection with royal marriages in Germany. On a recent occasion the marriage contract was signed on a certain table covered with red velvet, which is by tradition set aside for this special purpose, and the bride had to take the crown of diamonds from a handsome stone table, originally the property of the Emperor's mother, in front of which all royal princesses have to decorate themselves with jewels before proceeding to the nuptial altar. The wreath in her hair was of myrtle leaves, and blossoms from a tree planted by Queen Louise seventy-five years ago.

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THE experiment of abolishing capital punishment has been tried in Michigan, and has proved to be a deplorable failure. One of the journals of that State goes so far as to say "if the State does not restore capital punishment Judge Lynch will certainly be heard from." Experience not only in Michican but in other regions has shown that the assertion that the worst use to which you can put a man is to hang him is a fallacy. The best use to which a murderer can be put is to hang him. One may feel sorry for him, but this sorrow should not be permitted to stand in the way of justice.

—

AN account is published of a monkey in India having been trained to do useful work—that is, punka or fan. A monkey two feet six inches in height, strong and savage, was tied to a post; his hands were made fast to a punka rope; a man seated on the opposite side began to pull; and after a while, the monkey learned to pull, and during some years swung the punka by himself, and, as we are told, 'enjoyed his work immensely.' He was set to train four other monkeys, and succeeded well with two males, but failed with the two females. If the experiments could be successfully multiplied, the present fan-pullers of India might find themselves superseded by monkeys, and if the beasts can be taught this, where will their application stop.

—

A PROMINENT New York judge uttered the other day from the bench a timely note of warning on the increasing frequency of divorces, expressing at the same time his conviction that a collusive arrangement between the parties was much more common than is generally believed. He announced that he should attach no weight to the admission of either husband or wife, and set aside the report of a referee, based chiefly on such admissions. This is the true spirit in which to meet an evil of growing magnitude, which strikes a fatal blow at the sanctity of marriage and the very foundation of our social system. This jurist's praiseworthy conservatism makes for the side of morality and domestic purity, and some of his colleagues might profitably emulate his vigilance.

—

PROCTOR, the famous English scientist asserts though at first sight it may seem paradoxical, earthquakes, fearfully destructive as they have so often proved, are yet essentially preservative and restorative phenomena. Had no earthquakes taken place in old times, man would not now be living on the face of the earth; if no earthquakes were to take place in future, the term of man's existence would be limited within a range of time far less than that to which it seems likely in all probability, to be extended. If the solid substance of the earth formed a perfect sphere in ante-geologic times—that is, in ages preceding those to which our present geologic studies extend—there can be no doubt that there was then no visible land above the surface of the water; the ocean must have formed a uniformly deep covering to the submerged surface of the solid globe.

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A WRITER in Science Monthly says: Out-door life is both a remedy and a preventive of all known disorders of the respiratory organs; consumption, in all but the last stage, can be conquered by transferring the battle-ground from the sick-room to the wilderness of the next mountain range. Asthma, catarrh, and tubercular phthisis, are unknown among the nomads of the intertropical deserts, as well as the homeless hunters of our Northwestern Territories. Hunters and herders, who breathe the pure air of the South American pampas, subsist for years on a diet that would endanger the life of a city dweller in a single month. It has been repeatedly observed that individuals who attained to an extreme old age were generally poor peasants whose avocations required daily labor in the open air, though their habits differed in almost every other respect; also that the average duration of life in various countries of the Old World depends not so much on climatic peculiarities or their respective degree of culture as on the chief occupation of the inhabitants. The unkempt Bulgarian enjoys an average longevity of forty-two years to the west Austrian citizen's thirty-five.

—

A CORRESPONDENT says: "London is not particularly gay just now. No doubt it is reserving its energies for the coming season, but the 'high art' and 'æsthetic' school still flourishes in society and finds many devotees. These 'cultured' beings form a sort of mutual admiration society and every young poet, painter and composer who joins their ranks finds himself surrounded by a host of kindred spirits, all willing to yield him the same tribute of feverish worship which he pays them. The young men affect long hair through which they carelessly run their fingers, low collars, neckties of strange hues, and very ill-made clothes. The women, too, are fearfully and wonderfully garbed. Any ordinary mortal who does not understand this kind of thing, and who ventures to say so, is at once spoken of as a Philistine. The leader and founder of this school is young Oscar Wilde, and in him is consummated all the 'utterness' of their creed. He speaks in a pathetic monotone, poses in languid attitudes, and is generally surrounded by a bevy of admiring girls; he likes to be seen with Ruskin, whom he addresses as 'Master.' One is constantly hearing fresh stories of Oscar Wilde. This is the last: He informed the world that the event of the century had taken place under his roof. Mrs. Langtry, the beauty, and Ruskin met in his chambers. The 'master' was quietly sipping his cup of afternoon tea, when the door suddenly opened and the 'Jersey Lily' walked in. Ruskin rose, advanced to meet her with outstretched hands, exclaiming, 'We have no poets, we have no painters, but we have beautiful women who hold our destinies in their hands!' Mrs. Langtry nearly swooned. Aesthetic tableau!"

WHERE LIES THE LAND?

BY A. H. CLOUGH.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know,
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny moons, upon the deck's smooth face
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace!
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake, far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild northwesters rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave;
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

LADY MARGERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVIA," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

I WILL tell you who I am presently, Lady St. Clair," replied Captain Wilmot. "Be assured that I am one who knows all. Blanche, so much as this you shall hear. Your grandfather believed me to be your father. He was deceived; you are no child of mine. I provoked and encouraged the deceit for purposes of my own. In justice I tell you this—more you need not know. And now, child, leave us for a few moments; I have much to say to her ladyship, and it must be said to her alone."

Blanche quitted the room, and the captain closed and locked the door after her. She went into the adjoining drawing-room, and, excited, wearied, almost worn out, she sank down on one of the couches and buried her face in the pillow. There were still mystery, danger, and doubt around her, and around him to whom she owed so much. What had happened to him? Whence came those spots of blood observed by Rosalie. Had there been a struggle ending in some awful deed? Her own fate had been so terrible that she was ready to believe or fear anything.

Then again the dear old grandfather she had so loved and reverenced was gone for ever—his widow but a wreck of her former self. There was much still to make poor Blanche sad, even through the joy of the present. Yet her grandmother was really near, a pledge at once of the good faith of her self-elected guardian and her own undoubted safety.

Perhaps it might be half an hour later, or scarcely that, when the door once more opened, and Captain Wilmot reappeared.

"Blanche," said he, "your grandmother is satisfied, and willing to agree to my plans. She will meet danger and discomfort unheeded, but it must be with her eyes open; otherwise, not at all."

"But is there danger, is there discomfort for her?" said the girl, fearfully. "I would far rather forfeit all, go away in some quiet, southern land,—rather do anything than to expose her to such risk,—nay, I will not," she added, gathering firmness from her own words. "I will not, at any advantage or at any risk and cost to myself."

The captain took her hand, and quietly led her again to the room where the countess lay.

"I know your high spirit, Blanche," he said; "but you have been trained to obey her who has stood in place of a mother to you; and she can ill brook opposition now. Be counselled, and obey in silence. She has decided and argument and resistance would be useless."

Blanche silently prepared to obey.

Lady St. Clair was sitting up, her cheeks flushed under the excitement of the moment.

"Ring the bell, child," she said, in her old imperious manner.

Blanche silently obeyed; but her astonishment was not to be equalled when the lady quickly greeted the servant's entrance with a peremptory "Give me my things, Morris; I am going to dress."

"My lady!" exclaimed her maid.

"Did you not understand me?" said the countess.

Morris had been with the countess thirty years, and knew her ways—a well-trained servant she proved herself on that occasion. She had no time now, even had she had the inclination, for remark or question. So she made no delay in finding the long-disused habiliments, and arraying the countess in the garments that were much too large for the shrunk form.

Lady St. Clair smiled at the efforts of Morris to fit the dress to the wasted figure; but she did not deign to make a single remark, and the toilette proceeded in silence.

Blanche, well as she knew her grandmother, was somewhat astonished at the absence of any future notice of herself, of any look, even of emotion or sign of tenderness. Yet she might well have expected some greater demonstration of feeling. But all the thoughts and ideas of the countess seemed bent on some one great, engrossing subject; and she seemed nerving herself for a coming exertion. At length it was concluded. Even then the countess did not turn to her grand-daughter, but quietly bade Morris get her wine, "and then tell the gentleman in the other room I am ready."

The woman obeyed in silence. The countess drank the wine, and motioning to Blanche to follow her example, she said, "Now."

Morris understood her mistress without further parley, and the door was opened, and Captain Wilmot entered the room. He offered his arm to Lady St. Clair, and gave a sign to Blanche to follow. As to the countess, her mind appeared lost in the undertaking that lay before her.

CHAPTER XLIX.

CAPTAIN WILMOT assisted Lady St. Clair and Blanche into the carriage, and the only change that the girl noticed in the former arrangements was, that Rosalie Norman, of whom she caught a transient glimpse, was muffled up and veiled, and had taken her place outside the vehicle. Again they drove off. The speed was rapid, but the pace scarcely seemed to satisfy Lady St. Clair, for more than once she muttered, "Faster, faster, faster," in the captain's ear; but a nod and a smile was the only reply she obtained.

On they drove, till they stopped before the gate of a spacious and splendid palace. A slight hesitation on the part of the porter was quickly dispelled by a brief whisper.

Blanche thought she discerned her grandmother's name. In any case the talisman was sufficient to open to them the doors of the palace, and in a few moments more they were standing inside the magnificent hall, and awaiting the arrival of a servant summoned by the porter to proceed on their errand.

It was up a large flight of marble steps that they took their way, and Blanche felt half-wondering, half-alarmed, at the desolate silence of the vast mansion. She had been accustomed to the splendor of her grandfather's well-filled castle, with its train of servants and its frequent guests. but the silence and desolation of the present vast, dreary dwelling, was awe-inspiring. Her companions did not appear to share her feelings. They walked on as rapidly as the Lady St. Clair's weakness would permit, but the domestic who preceded them had more than once to pause till the lady had regained breath and strength to proceed.

At last they stopped before a large door, almost like that of a church. The servant tapped lightly, and then opened it. Blanche hung back, but the countess turned and motioned her forward by a wave of her hand. The girl obeyed mechanically. Her whole mind was bewildered and engrossed by the strange scene, and it was with a dream-like feeling that she advanced by her grandmother's side to the very entrance of the apartment. Then the countess desired Blanche to precede her. The announcement of the names were startling. It was "The Countess and the Countess Dowager of St. Clair."

She heard no more, saw no more for a moment, for as she advanced into the room her head swam round dizzily with excitement and surprise.

There was a little group at the further end of the apartment. Blanche's eyes fell on each figure; she was sensible of a fall, and the next minute Isabel Lisle was being borne to a couch in the arms of Sir Rupert Pelham, while Lady Margerie stood as if turned to stone, gazing vacantly at the three who came slowly up the vast saloon.

"You scarcely expected this visit, Lady Margerie Lisle," said the countess, calmly availing herself of a couch near them to rest her exhausted limbs. "Lady St. Clair, your aunt is too delighted at your unexpected return to be able to give you a welcome. You had better sit down till she has recovered her too great delight."

Blanche tremblingly obeyed. Even under the protection which she knew to be powerful and sufficient, she could not repress the horror that the sight of the remorseless woman to whom her calamities were due occasioned. The cold eyes, the thin lips, the bitter expression were too familiar not to conjure up dreadful memories in her mind.

It was some minutes before Lady Margerie could recover herself, and assume a decent calmness. Then she said in a low tone, "This is a strange farce, Helena."

"Always after a tragedy comes a farce, Margerie Lisle. You treated us to the former; it is but fair we should give you the latter; but it is rather an after-piece than a farce, as you may find to your cost," was the reply.

Lady Margerie's lips quivered.

"What is the meaning of this, Helena?" she said. "If, indeed the dead can return to life, then the appearance of this young girl may be a reality rather than a mere trick; but as to the rest, as to the vain title by which you see fit to address her, it is an absurd and a vain delusion, of which it would be well to disabuse your mind. You know or you should know, that she has no more right to be Countess of St. Clair than I have to be a crowned queen."

"You brave it well, Margerie Lisle," she replied; "you brave it well. But the evidence will be too strong for you, and I would advise you to yield at once. For the sake of the name you once bore, I would, and I am well certain that the young countess, my grand-daughter, or rather the grand-daughter of my late husband, though mine also in love and duty, would wish to spare you all needless pain or trouble."

"You are wrong, Lady St. Clair, wrong," said Lady Margerie, trying to look contemptuous. "I am quite willing to acknowledge the extreme condescension of your proposal, but I must beg to decline any grace at the hands of the illegitimate daughter of Lady Cecily St. Clair."

The girl crimsoned to her finger tips. Her lips parted, and her hands clasped each other in eager resentment at the foul charge against the mother whom she had never known, but whose memory she still reverenced. It was not the stain on her own birth, it was the stigma on that angel mother that brought the hot flame to her cheeks and the angry bitterness to her lips, but the mysterious, and hitherto silent guardian, who had so strangely conducted her thither, touched her arm with a warning gesture.

"Wait," said he, "wait. All will be cleared in time, and by other lips than yours."

The countess heard him. She turned to her grandchild with a smile that gave a strange softness to her features.

"He is right," she said; "he is right. Wait, my child, wait in patience, and all will be explained, to the confusion of evil-doers."

She was silent for a moment; her eyes seemed fixed on vacancy; her thoughts far away. Tears sprang in her eyes, unconscious tears, that trickled down her face, unheeded—perhaps unfelt.

"Yes," she repeated, "yes. All can be explained; but can all be redressed? The dead cannot be brought to life, the guilty cannot be made innocent; the stigma and the suffering, the disgrace and guilt cannot be wiped away."

Even Lady Margerie was awed by her manner. There was something that was almost like the foreshadowing of the future, the warning of a spirit of another world, in that venerable woman's look and tone. At last the countess seemed to awake to the present, from those vague, absent thoughts.

"Sit down," she said, "sit down, Margerie Lisle. And you, Sir Rupert Pelham—you who have thrown away the substance for the shadow,—do you come here also. Fear not for that girl,—she will not die from this shock, whatever she may do from the result of the future about to be opened to her. I have a tale to tell that will set at rest all slanders of the innocent, and crush the ambitious hopes of the guilty."

Lady Margerie mechanically obeyed. Sir Rupert cast a lingering look at the prostrate girl who had been to him so fatal and infatuating an attraction, and then moved towards the group. He involuntarily seized Blanche's hand as he drew near.

"Blanche, my cousin," he said, in a low voice, "forgive me,—I can never forgive myself."

The pressure of the hand was so momentary, the words were so low, that only Blanche was conscious of the sudden impulse, and in another moment the group was busily listening to the calm, unconcerned tones of the Countess of St. Clair.

"To make you all comprehend what I am come here to enforce," she began, "I must go back many years, to the time when this fair girl's mother was little older than she is now. It is useless to revert to the particulars of that time, save thus far, that the Lady Cecily was of a timid and nervous temper, and I arrogant, perhaps, and proud of the authority delegated to me, and yet more of the name that was intrusted to my keeping, and," said the old lady, proudly, "which I at least have never disgraced. But the nature of Lady Cecily ill accorded with mine. I was too strong, she too weak; I had too lofty ideas for her mind to grasp, too high a sense of duty for her to rise up to meet; still, she was good and pure, and I had no right to appreciate her sweet temper and feminine qualities so little as to disdain the affection and confidence that I believe I might have gained from her; and the result was even more disastrous than I could have feared. Cecily St. Clair, the descendant of two of the noblest families in England (for while her father was the Lord of St Clair, her mother was the daughter of the Viscountess Manton,) actually formed an attachment to a man——"

"I am wrong," she said, checking herself suddenly. "I am wrong; the old, hard pride is on me still; but yet I must say what will explain the past. Suffice it that the acquaintance was clandestine, and the meetings were unknown, while the connection was scarcely one that could befit the heiress of an earldom. It was discovered. Lady Cecily was admonished, threatened, and as we hoped fully convinced that her conduct was wrong, and I believe she intended to fulfil the promise she made; but in vain. The resolution was too weak; the love too strong; and in an evil moment she and her lover were united in the old church of St. Helen's, now only a ruin."

"It cannot be proved—it cannot be proved!" shrieked Lady Margerie; "but if it could be proved it was not legal; if it did take place, Cecily was not of age."

"Peace, woman, peace!" said Captain Wilmot hastily; "at least have regard for the little hope that is left to you for the future, and for the daughter you have ruined."

"Cecily was of age three weeks after the ceremony," proceeded Lady St. Clair; "and the first letter we received from her after her disappearance and

her departure for India with her husband, informed us that she and her husband, Walter Mortimer, had been remarried by the chaplain of the vessel in which they sailed ten days after the day that gave her the fatal right to be her own mistress. Thus the union was legally secured and certain."

"And you expect me to yield my daughter's rights and my own to such a vague tale?" laughed Lady Marrer e "The register book o St. Helen's church has been examined, and not one trace of the marriage can be found. We have even had the papers of the earl searched for the certificate, but without success."

"You are quite right, Lady Margerie," replied Captain Wilmot; "but spare yourself any further trouble or conjecture on the point. The proofs do exist, and I will produce them."

Blanche looked up eagerly, and the blood rushed to her pure young cheek.

"It is only within the last few months," he resumed, "that I have myself been able to prove what I—in common with far more incredulous persons concerned—had believed to have existed rather in the eyes of God than legally in the eye of men. About fifteen months since a man came to offer himself to me as an able-bodied seaman on board the vessel I then commanded, and I consented to his earnest entreaties and engaged him, but before he had been in the vessel a week, he sickened of a fever, caught in an emigrant vessel he had left, and as none but myself had the courage to risk the infection, I could scarcely let him die for want of such attendance as a rough sailor could give. I was, however, well repaid; for when he believed himself dying he committed to my care a packet of yellow-sea-stained papers, that he said he had picked up in a wreck some fifteen years before, and had always saved, fancying they might turn out to be of some value to some one, and perhaps bring him in something in his old age. I accepted them, rather to satisfy his mind than from any other reason, since the letters of persons entirely unknown or long since dead could scarcely possess interest of value for me. But you will imagine some change of feeling, Blanche my dear, when I saw the handwriting of my own lost twin-brother, Walter Mortimer, endorsing the packet, 'Letters from my beloved wife, Cecily Blanchard,' with the date and the place of their receipt.

"I opened them with reverence, and found, not only the letters he had received from his wife, during their separation, immediately before this dear girl's birth, and others, during her last illness, but also the certificate of the marriage, that took place at the time mentioned by Lady St. Clair."

He drew from his pocket-book a faded, yellow, printed paper, which he read aloud, and then held firmly before the glazed, fixed eyes of Lady Margerie. She gave a deep, shuddering groan, and for a moment seemed palsied by the overwhelming evidence. But the captain had not done yet.

"Rosalie!" he cried, in a voice that was heard throughout the saloon. In another instant the soubrette stood before the eager group. "Rosalie Norman," said he, "be so good as to state the circumstances under which you found this book, and which I have now in my hand."

As he spoke, he drew from under a long traveling cloak a yellow book, disfigured by damp.

"This is soon told," said the girl, in soft, clear tones. "Terror-stricken at the penalty of the crimes I had committed at that proud lady's instigation, and I trust touched by remorse for the guilt I had incurred, I fled from the Castle, where the charge and the treatment of insanity had well-nigh driven me mad, and, as if guided by the hand of Providence, I found that volume, which the elements had spared for the vindication of the innocent, wedged between some rocks. It is one of the lost books containing the register of Lady Cecily St. Clair's marriage.

Captain Wilmot opened the volume, and there, in the half-defaced page, was the faded yet legible record of the marriage of Lady Cecily St. Clair and Walter Mortimer. "There, Lady Margerie," said he, "will that satisfy your ideas of punctilious honor?"

Lady Margerie did not heed him. She sat for a few moments rigid and motionless. Then her hands were tossed wildly in the air, her lips moved without speaking, and she fell back, cold and senseless, struck by that image of death, catalepsy.

"It is the judgment of God," said the countess, calmly. "Come, Blanche, we have no longer business here. Come."

* * * * * *

It was the following day, and once more Blanche was on the deck of her uncle's, Captain Mortimer's vessel, (for so we must call him now) and the gentle Magdalen was beside her.

"Lady," she began,—for, although connected with the young heiress, she never forgot the great social gulf between them,—"Lady, we shall not meet again on earth, for our paths lie far apart; but I should like sometimes to hear of you. My heart was breaking, when, for the bad purpose of a bad man, I wormed myself into your confidence. Your great kindness acted as balm to my poor heart, and dearly I learnt to love you."

"Do you know where Mr. Fuller is now?" asked Blanche.

"Dead," replied Magdalen, gravely; "I only heard of his fate yesterday from an acquaintance of his—a Doctor Grayley, whom I met accidentially, and who is now returning from his wedding tour. I remembered Doctor Grayley, for he called once or twice when I was in Mr. Fuller's house. He told me that Mr. Fuller had, under the guidance of Hugh the farrier, attempted to cross one of the Cumberland hills in a fog. It was a rash proceeding, but Hugh professed to know every step of the way. By some inexplicable mischance—probably Hugh had been drinking—they missed the path, and both were precipitated down one of the steep ravines of the mountain. Doctor Grayley could give me no further particulars; he had merely heard the rough outline of the fact from Sir Evan's old valet, Verney, who keeps a village inn, a sort of half-way house in the district, from which place Mr. Fuller and Hugh had started on their fatal expedition."

"Is Doctor Grayley still in Geneva?" asked Blanche, eagerly. "I should like to see him."

"He left yesterday evening for Turin," replied Magdalen. "His wife was with him when I met him; a sweet young lady, with eyes as blue as this Summer sky, and a smile as bright and loving as she looked up at him. She is the only daughter of a true-hearted Yorkshire squire, and no doubt Doctor Grayley has a large fortune with her; but she is a fortune in herself, and so he seems to think. He is very proud of her and very happy too."

"It is time for us to part," said the captain, approaching them. "The anchor is up. Blanche, I will place you in the boat that will take you to the shore. God bless you for your goodness to my poor Magdalen."

Blanche watched them from the shore. She saw the blue waters of the Mediterranean ripple under the prow of the departing ship, while the white sails grew less and less until they disappeared in the distance.

CHAPTER L, AND LAST.

SIR EVAN LESLIE was expecting the trial that was to decide his fate. The morrow was the day fixed for the ordeal, and he almost regretted that he had been spared to meet his disgrace and agony. His health had declined more rapidly than he had confessed to himself, still less to those who had been in attendance on him. He hid as much as he could, and bore up as bravely as possible, but on this evening his strength of body and the invincible will that supplied it wellnigh gave way. He felt utterly prostrate, thinking of the strange and inexplicable past and of the one dear being so interwoven with its mysteries.

And then came the remembrance of the morrow; of the horror of being exposed to the gaze of a wondering and a vulgar crowd; to the bitter questioning, the contemptuous reproaches, probably the unjust verdict that would decide his fate. And presently his thoughts traveled to the distant south, to the secluded studio, where his happiest and most dangerous hours had been passed.

"If I had but finished my work," he exclaimed with the natural sorrow of the artist, "I could die happy."

He burst into low sobs. He was very feeble, from sorrow and suffering, and failing health.

* * * * * *

"Evan, dear love, Evan!" The voice was soft and low, and broken, yet it made every pulse in his heart beat. He looked up; his senses seemed to be reeling. Could he believe his eyes? or was it but some cruel and cheating phantom? Her hands rested on his arm, her voice sounded in his ear. Then she knelt down beside him, and took his hand in hers.

"Evan," she repeated, "dear Evan, all will be well; only live, dear; live for my sake."

He tried to speak, but in his exhausted state the effort, added to the excitement of her sudden appearance, proved to be too much for him, and he sank into a dead faint, from which he did not recover for an hour or more; but when he did recover he was lying in a large and comfortable room, and a physician was standing beside him.

"Nothing short of a miracle can save him," was the verdict. "The excitement has been too much."

There came a faint, suppressed sob. It was Blanche who hung over him, regardless of the presence of those around.

"And I have killed you, Evan," she murmured

"I am blessed in so dying," he replied "It is next to living for you."

She stooped down and whispered in his ear. A faint blush came over the wasted, white face.

"It must not be. It is too great a sacrifice," he whispered.

"It will be my only comfort," she replied, as she quitted the room.

Blanche was absent for a short time, and then she returned, leading in the aged countess of St. Clair, followed by a clergyman, with a servant bearing a table and a book, and accompanied by Rosalie Norman. In a few minutes a bride had been given away, and Blanche St. Clair was the wife of Sir Evan Leslie.

* * * * * * *

The bridegroom lay white and motionless, and for weary days and nights the sad young wife watched and went beside him; at last there came a change for the better. By very slow degrees he mended, until at length the doctor pronounced him out of danger. After that he improved rapidly, and Sir Evan was at length compelled to own himself in perfect health, and certainly he looked it.

Then came the removal to St. Clair, with the necessary round of bridal visits and bridal entertainments. Mrs. Harper was not forgottened. She was pensioned off with a comfortable income, with two rooms at St. Clair.

"And only to think," she asked, as she looked at Violet's sweet face, "that you come of the family of my dear first lady. I guessed it when I saw those pearls my lady wore when she married Lord St. Clair. I was but a girl myself then, but I remembered them quite well; and then when I saw the Maxton cross on your brow, I was quite sure, although I could not understand it at all, as I never heard of Lady Cecily's marriage."

But there were still painful thoughts for the young wife, and now that she had leisure to think, her generous heart began to feel an undeserved pity for the guilty and most unhappy and most unhappy relatives who had so deeply injured her.

Lady Margerie had indeed escaped some of the penalty of her aggravated guilt. She had recovered from that living death, only to endure one equally fearful. Her brain had given way, and bereft of reason she dragged on her miserable existence. Sir Rupert Pelham and Isabel had placed her under efficient medical care, and then they hastened from the scene of so much sorrow and crime. But whither did they go? Not to the place that had been the scene of the ambition of the guilty Lady Margerie—not so that of Sir Rupert's days of comparative happiness, nor of Isabel's peaceful girlhood. No. If there was a spot where they were unknown, where their name had never reached, there they would spend the remainder of their unloving, wretched lives.

Poor Sir Rupert Pelham! He had been meant perhaps for better things, but his evil genius had pursued him in the person of Isabel Lisle, and his nature had been too weak to resist her fascinations. And thus, treacherous to his vows and blind to his real interest, to the splendor and the happiness marked out for him, he had thrown away a noble life for a glittering but deceitful bauble. It was a gloomy thought and an unhappy fate. Isabel's character, passionate, selfish, superficial, and ambitious, betrayed itself at every turn. Poverty with her was indeed more than wretchedness—obscurity, a hopeless, living death.

"Blanche," he murmured, as he sat in the dark shadow of a gloomy Venetian palazzo—"Blanche, my cousin, my once betrothed, you are indeed avenged."

Sir Rupert held in his hand an unopened packet that had been forwarded to him from town to town in their irregular travels and which he had not had the courage to examine. He was morbidly nervous, and the sight of the English post-mark caused him a fit of nervous apprehension. The sound of footsteps recalled him to himself, and the sharp and eager questioning of Isabel made him open the seals of that mysterious packet. It proved to be a deed, making over to him the estate of Havilands, which had once belonged to "The Towers," together with the sum fifty thousand pounds from the property of the late earl. A brief note from Blanche ran thus:—

"MY DEAR COUSINS,—I have but carried out the intentions of my grandfather in the enclosed deed. Let the past be forgotten in the happiness of the present.

"BLANCHE ST. CLAIR."

"Yes, my cousin, it is indeed a noble revenge," repeated Sir Rupert, and he hid his face and wept.

* * * * * *

Once more the old halls of St. Clair rang with happy voices. Once more the aged countess learnt on the arm of her dear young grandchild.

And the statue! Well, it will be finished some day, for the old lady insists upon that. And there is a recess in the great reception room of the Castle with an artificial light thrown on it, that recess is to be adorned with the work of Sir Evan Leslie's hands.

But where is Rosalie Norman all this time? Remorseful, wretched, and despairing, she fled one night from the Castle, and was heard of no more. Every inquiry was made, every effort used to recover her, but in vain.

* * * * * *

"Mine at last," said Sir Evan, as he stood with his fair young bride on one of the high cliffs, with the sea reflecting the deep blue sky stretching before them, and looked down at her beautiful face,—"mine!"

"Yes, Evan,—at last," she answered, linking her arm in his.

King John gave to one of his retainers extensive lands in Kent, to be held on the tenure that the said retainer, or his heirs, should attend the king when he crossed the sea, and hold up the head of his sovereign if he became sea-sick.

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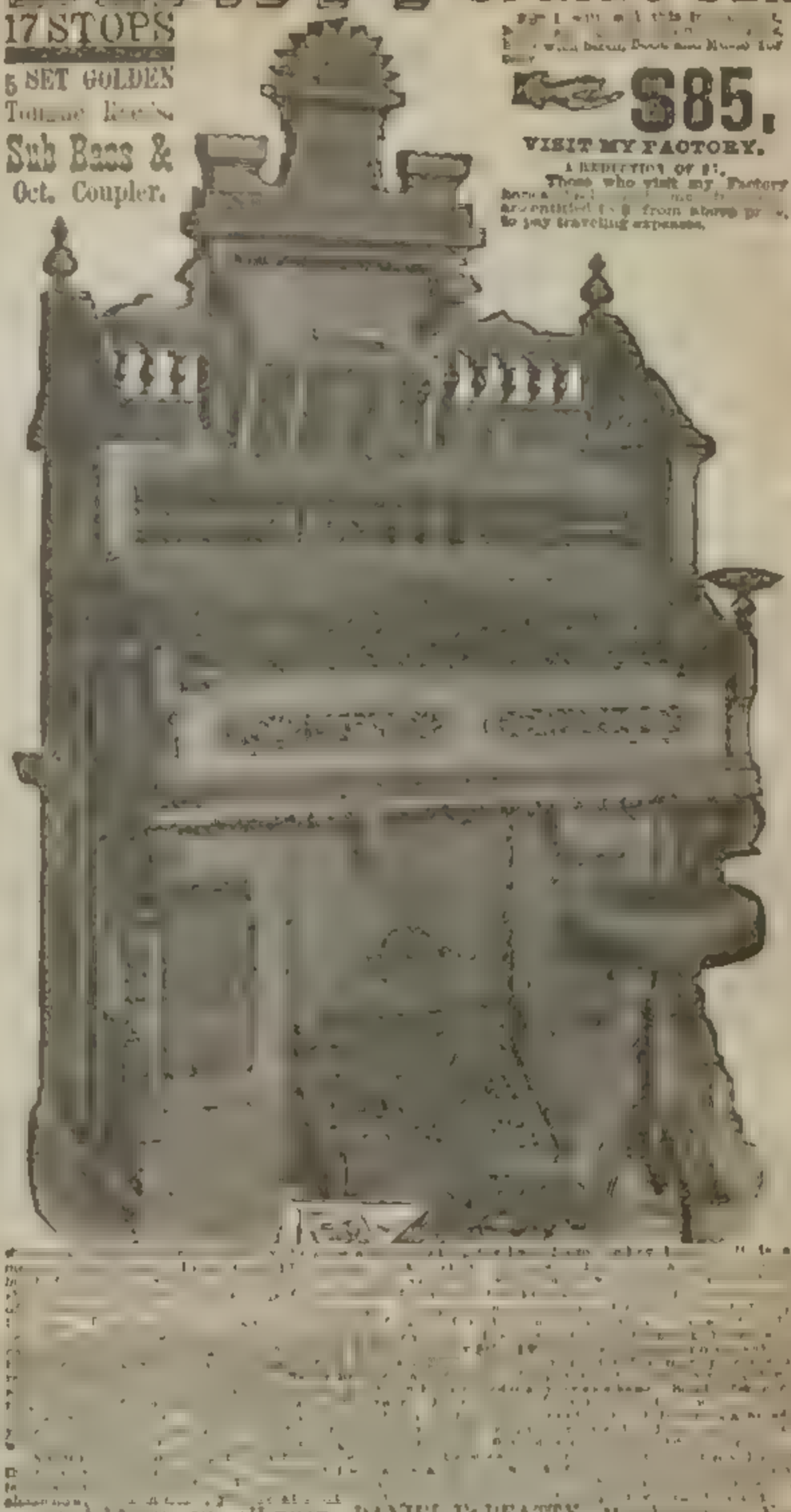

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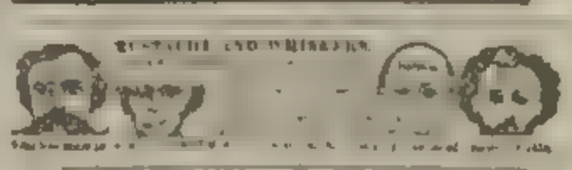

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Our Young Folks.

THE MAGPIE'S LESSON

BY PIPKIN.

JENNIE was a tame magpie. She had been caught when young by Fannie, one of Farmer Merry's children, who had reared it a pet. Afterwards she was sold by her owner to a wealthy lady, who resided in a fine mansion in the neighborhood. Here the bird's curious mischievous way quickly made her a great favorite.

Consequently she was happy, but her happiness also made her proud. Pride, indeed, was her besetting sin, although, as her biographer, I am compelled to say that she was not strictly honest, for several little articles, such as silver thimbles, etc., that had been missed, were found carefully concealed among the straw in Jennie's cage.

Still her mistress was very kind and very forgiving.

Another trait of Jennie's character was her extreme and excessive inquisitiveness. She wanted to know everything and the why and the wherefore of everything.

This sometimes led her into scrapes that were very far from pleasant in their nature.

This fault of hers was the one great drawback to her happiness, for she spent many a day quite sick owing to things she had swallowed and that did not agree with her.

"They look to me much like jujubes," she said one day, gazing very wisely at a string of amber beads. "Here they go!" and she swallowed them all.

Poor Jennie!

"Comfits, of course," she said another day. "I'll have them!" And so she did; but they were tiny buttons and Jennie lived to repent her imprudence.

Jennie was, or she made herself believe she was, a great favorite with the other pets about the place.

She used to run about with the rabbits, hop all over the cows, and go to sleep on the backs of the sheep.

She was particularly fond of the great watch dog, he was such an honest, good-natured fellow, and did not mind her perching on the edge of his dish and picking out a good many of the nice bits.

"Bother!" said Jennie one day, stopping suddenly in front of a glass jar and eyeing the contents of it with one eye in the most roguish manner. "Why, you are a stranger, and a funny one too. Who may you be?"

"I'm a pet frog," was the meek reply.

"Oh, you are, are you?" said Jennie; "and how snug you look, to be sure. A bit of paper tied over the mouth of the jar, with pin holes to give you air and a nice little ladder to perch high and dry on when you are tired of swimming. Why, how happy you must feel!"

"Yes," said the frog, "mistress is very mindful of me, and I do feel very comfortable."

"Now," continued the magpie, "you look so clean, and nice, and soft, and all that, that I really would like to pull you out and eat you up."

"Easier said than done," croaked the frog.

"Nothing is simpler," said Jennie; "I could bore a hole with my beak and just pick you off your perch. But I won't just yet. You look so funny and ridiculous, perhaps you could tell me a story, or sing or dance or do something to amuse me."

"Shall I tell you about my grandmother," said the frog, "who lived for a hundred years in the middle of a stone?"

"Certainly not," said Jennie, "I think she was very silly for doing so. Sing me a song or as sure as my name is Jennie, out you come, and then I'll eat you."

"Very well, then," said the frog, and he croaked the following verses:

THE FROG'S SONG.

"Who would not be a little frog when summer is in prime?
Who would not like to sleep at night on rose-leaves mixed with thyme?
Who would not, when the sun shines bright go hopping in the hay,
Catching moths and lady-birds through all the live-long day?
His eyes are bright as dew-drops, his back is speckled green,
His form as light and graceful as ever yet was seen,
Wandering through the corn-stalks or bathing in the stream,
Each day flies o'er his little head like a short but happy dream.

"But, lo! the summer's ended and the days are short and cold;
Life is far from pleasant now, and he thinks he's growing old,
He think's he's growing very old, and he's very sleepy too,
So he rubs his little beads of eyes, and wonders what he'll do,
Ah! happy thought, he has it—at the foot of that old yew,
Snugly covered up with moss, he'll sleep the summer through,
And when the balmy days of spring return, with showers of gentle rain,
Our merry little speckled frog will come hopping out again."

"Go on," said Jennie, "go on; I like your song."

"I really don't recollect any more," replied the frog.

"Oh, you don't, don't you?" said Jennie. "Well, then, I'm going to have you, and quickly too. They eat frogs in France, and I want to know how they taste; so here I go without delay!"

To make a hole in the paper big enough to pull a fat frog through was for Jennie but the work of a moment.

But the frog hopped off his perch and dived under the water.

"Hullo!" said Jennie; "why, wherever are you? Oh, I can see you nicely! Well I don't care to wet my head, but I mean to have you; so here I go again!

And thereupon Jennie seized the paper, the jar fell over, out came the water, and away swam the frog.

"Now, then, come along and be eaten quietly," cries Jennie popping her head into the jar and flinging out the frog a little ladder.

But she searched in vain for the little frog.

Now Jennie was a clever bird, as a rule, but when she pulled out the ladder, and couldn't find the frog, why, she simply looked as foolish as ever any magpie looked in her life.

"It must have been only the shadow of a frog," she soliloquized. "Only a shadow after all," she said. "Dear me, how terrible! And there I've been troubling myself, and exciting myself, and disarranging my beautiful feathers, all about a shadow—a shadow of a frog!"

Jennie sat so long thinking about the matter that at last she nodded, and nodded, and finally fell asleep.

The afternoon wore away; night came on, and a great round moon rose and shone into the room, making everything as bright as day; but Jennie still slept on, little dreaming of what was in store for her.

It was midnight when the magpie awoke in a fright, for a voice close beside her had croaked out the mysterious words, "Oh, garoo! garoo! garoo!"

"Ah! screamed poor Jennie, "the shadow! the shadow! Kreek! kreek! keek!"

And off she flew screaming round and round the room.

The frog saw his advantage and made the most of it.

He could not hop so quickly as she could fly, but "slow and sure" was his motto and whenever Jennie paused to take breath he jumped at her, and off the poor bird flew again.

At last the frog got the magpie in a corner.

"Oh, spare my life!" cried Jennie. "Spare my poor life and I'll never torment any living thing again. Only spare it and I will do anything you ask me."

"Garoo, garoo!" croaked the frog, raising himself on his forelegs, the better to address the trembling magpie.

Now, I am unable to tell you all that the frog said to Jennie, but he must have talked to her very seriously indeed, for she was a much quieter bird ever after, and several white feathers appeared in her poll that had never been seen there before.

I feel nearly sure, though, that the frog had told her that he had saved his life by swimming, because Jennie was often observed to be making unsuccessful attempts to learn that most useful accomplishment.

Jennie also added two sentences at least to her vocabulary; perhaps the frog had taught her these. They were, "Live and let live," and "Be kind to all things, great and small."

GIRLS AND HOME.—You will love and marry. It is well; it is right; but do not be in such a hurry to be grown up and away from home. Life will never give you anything sweeter, better, happier than you have now. No love purer than your mother's; no care more kindly than your father's; no companionship like that of your brothers and sisters. Even to the man who owns you, you will not be little Lily who was a baby once, who learned to walk and to talk, and was prettier than any other baby ever was; nor the little girl who was so wonderful a genius when she played her first tune on the piano, or worked her first bookmark. He who falls in love with you will have known twenty pretty girls and have been in love with half of them. In some things you will fall short of someone he has known. Your eyes will not be as fine as these or Miss Lavinia's and you will not make cake as his mother does. Here you have been perfection, even if prudence kept your parents from saying so, they cannot believe anyone quite so nice as "our Lily." Then linger a little where some one else showers the buttons and gives you all the cake; where the love is a love that does not change because of a new face, where the fonder you are the more you are adored. M. S.

The latest dodge in the throwing line has just been developed. The operators prowl about the back yards of boarding houses, in the still hours of the night imitating the weep disturbing strains of a Thomas cat harrowed by the deepest agony of unrequited love, and then goes off with the boots, vases, and general chamber furniture projected out of the windows by the enraged boarders.

Guard against the vanity which courts a compliment, or is fed by it.

THE HOP-PICKER.

BY WILSON BARRETT.

IT was the hop picking season and many were leaving London to go down into Kent for work.

Among them was old Bill Morris his wife and their daughter Janet, the latter a refined handsome girl of eighteen. It was strange and many had said so, that tramps should have so fair a daughter.

The three secured employment with Mr Bridgnorth, whose son Harry, a handsome noble looking fellow, noticed Janet the day after their arrival. He was struck by her beauty, and under the pretence of making inquiries about the work, opened conversation with her.

But this was only the beginning. Gradually the other employees noticed that he rarely left her side until it was time to quit work.

The men wondered and the women indulged in queer surmises, but neither Harry nor the girl appeared aware of them.

One day while thus talking, Janet was surprised at seeing a young looking but white haired lady walking through the rows of vines. She asked Harry if it was his mother.

"No," was his reply; "it is my Aunt, Mrs. Auckland. Years ago, while still a young wife and mother, her child was stolen while staying with her brother, my father. The nurse had taken it out, as usual, and all she remembered was that she had sat down under a tree while the child played about. Overcome by the heat, she fell asleep; when she awoke the child had gone.

"It was a lovely little thing," he concluded. "The only conclusion we could arrive at was that it had been stolen by gipsies. My poor aunt would have that it was the hop pickers, for it was the hop-picking season, and her brain gave way beneath her sorrow. When the hop gathering time has arrived, she walks through the grounds assured that she shall find her child."

"Poor lady," murmured Janet. "It must be hard indeed to lose one you love."

Harry Bridgnorth looked hesitatingly down at her. Then, bending nearer, he said, "And have you never loved, Janet?"

She did not take his question in the meaning he intended.

Shaking her head, she replied, sadly, "never! who have I had to love?"

He bent over her, and said:

"But, Janet, you are capable of love!—surely, yes?"

She looked quickly up at him, waves of color dying her cheek, and strove to free her hand.

"You must hear me!—I must speak!" he said, excitedly, passionately, "Janet, I love you!"

He strove to place his arm around her waist; but, preventing him, Janet Morris rose. Inwardly she was agitated, but her voice, her manner were calm and self possessed.

"Hush, Mr. Bridgnorth," she said; "you must not talk so to me."

"And why not Janet?" he pleaded.

"Because the love I need you may not give, and the love you may, I would not accept."

"The love I give you is honorable and true!" cried Harry; but she checked him.

"Hush!" she repeated; "we will part now. You do not consider what you say. When we meet again you will have had time to reflect."

"But not to change," he exclaimed as she moved away.

Janet determined to return to London on the morrow but before leaving she would take a long look at the sea, and in the morning she stole away from the hop ground into the lane leading to the shore.

She had no fear of meeting anyone at that hour.

On reaching the sands she gazed breathlessly with admiration. She had never seen the sea, which was tumbling rapidly in, with the sunshine dancing on the waves as now. How beautiful it was!

As she stood thus, a piercing scream broke the stillness; turning, she beheld on the rocks of a headland close by, the mad lady. The waves were stealing up around the base, and had surprised her.

The water as yet was shallow, and Janet dashed through the waves and climbed to Mrs Auckland's side.

"Do not fear, there is no danger," she exclaimed soothingly. "Come with me, we can pass easily through."

But the madwoman, her wild look now fixed on the rising water, refused to stir. Fear was in her, she had ever ceased to scream. All the heed she paid to Janet was to grasp her tightly with one hand, and point with the other to the rapidly rising sea.

"Look, look!" she screamed; "don't leave me! They are coming, coming! It's death! Oh, Mabel, Mabel!"

In vain Janet implored, entreated, threatened, the madwoman would not stir. The girl saw that the sea was swirling round the rocks; soon it would be impossible to wade through it, yet she could not leave the poor madwoman, and called aloud for help.

The sound of her cries startled her companion; she turned, gazed wildly at Janet, then, with a shrill scream ending in hysterical laughter, fell insensible on the girl's bosom. Janet perceived that her case was now desperate. She had no strength to drag Mrs. Auckland through the waves; she could hardly support her. Already had the water broke upon their feet.

Her brain reeled. Ah, it is a terrible thing to die, and to die thus! Yet the girl's beautiful face was firmly set. She waited death rather than leave the madwoman.

Again and again Janet raised her voice. Hark! was that a shout? Yes, yes; and that was the sound of oars. A moment later, a boat shot round the headland.

Their perilous position had been seen by Harry Bridgnorth from the heights, and he was one of the rowers.

"Courage, courage, Janet Morris!" he called, and seeing him, she feared no longer. Silently she waited, and lent her aid to assist the madwoman into the boat; then, her hand in her lover's, followed. But after that her strength failed, and she fainted.

It was Mrs Auckland who first recovered. Sitting up, gazing wildly round, she exclaimed, "Where is she? Where—where has she gone? Not lost again!"

"Who, 'dear 'aunt?" questioned her nephew.

"Mabel—my child! I tell you I saw her just now! I am not mad! She tried to save me! Ah!" as with a joyous cry she beheld Janet; "she is here—my darling—found!" And flinging her arms round the girl, she kissed her rapturously.

"Aunt you know not what you say!" exclaimed her nephew.

"Yes, yes! Look, Harry! Oh, yes! I am not mad now! Look!" Eagerly she tore from her neck a locket containing the miniature of her husband. "Harry, that is her father, do you think I, her mother, could be deceived?"

"The likeness is wonderful. Oh, if it were so! But, aunt, this girl's parents live!"

"You mean the wretches who stole her from me," cried Mrs Auckland, fiercely, clasping Janet to her. "Have them arrested, for I tell you this is my child—my darling!"

As Harry Bridgnorth reflected and contrasted Janet with Janet's parent's, a wild hope possessed him that his aunt's words were true. Certain it was that the shock of the striking likeness, aided by maternal affection, had restored his aunt's reason. He determined using his father's authority as magistrate to secure Bill Morris directly Mrs. Auckland and the amazed, bewildered Janet had been conveyed to the house.

But Bill Morris had witnessed that scene in the boat, and had decamped; thus only his wife was secured, and frightened by her arrest infuriated by her husbands desertion, the woman confessed.

Struck by the child's beauty, they had enticed it away, such a child being at that time needed by a woman in London. On the Morrises' return there, however, they found the woman in the hands of the police, so had to keep the child, making a tolerable market out of her beauty, which ever obtained alms from the charitable.

"Till she grew up," concluded Mrs. Morris, indignantly. "Then she'd only do what she liked, and a hand we'd with her!"

"You see I was not wrong," exclaimed Mrs Auckland. "Mabel, dearest, you hear you are mine—my child?"

"Mother!" murmured the girl, timidly, yielding to her embrace.

That evening Harry Bridgnorth whispered to Mabel, "Dear cousin, do you remember that I said my love could never change?" What do you reply now?"

"That I am not yet fitted to be your wife. I have so much to learn!"

"And when learned?"

"Need you ask?" she murmured, with a blush.

A School-boy Composition.—Dogs are very useful things there are several different sorts of Dogs there is the Newfoundland Bull Hound and the Pinter which is a very useful dog in catching birds sum dogs are very good for watchings while others are good for nuth in but to labout and do nothing sum of them bite those are the best watch dogs of all. Ow they pla and skip a bout the yards I am fare from home and cant see brother and his pet dogs but of all the Rat Terrier is the best of all a dog bite is very dangerous sum fokes ha have been bit by them it makes som fokes sic that one been bit I can just remember when a dog bit me it has been a bout fore yeares ago The end.

Were we to ask a hundred men, who from small beginnings have attained a condition of respectability and influence, to what they imputed their success in life, the general answer would be, "It was from being early compelled to think for and depend on ourselves."

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

BY F. F. F.

Speak it not lightly—'tis a holy thing.
A bond enduring through long-distant years,
When joy o'er thine abode is hovering,
Or when thine eye is wet with bitterest tears,
Recorded by an angel's pen on high,
And must be questioned in eternity.

Speak it not lightly—though the young and gay
Are thronging round thee now with tones of mirth,
Let not the holy promise of to-day
Fade like the clouds that with the morn have mirth,
But ever bright and sacred may it be,
Stored in the treasure-cell in memory.

Life will not prove all sunshine—there will come
Dark hours for all—oh, will he, when the night
Of sorrow gathers thickly round your home,
Love, as ye did in times when calm and bright
Seemed the sure path ye trod, untouched by care,
And deemed the future, like the present, fair?

Eyes that now beam with health may yet grow dim,
And cheeks of rose forget their early glow;
Languor and pain assail each active limb,
And lay, perchance, some worshipped beauty low:
Then will ye gaze upon the altered brow
And love as fondly, faithfully as now?

Should Fortune frown on your defenceless head,
Should storms o'ertake your bark on life's dark sea
Pierce tempests rend the sail so gaily spread,
When hope her syren strain sang joyously:
Will ye look up, though clouds your sky o'ercast
And say, "Together we will bide the blast?"

Age with its silvery locks comes stealing on,
And brings the tottering step, the furrowed cheek,
The eye from which each lustrous gleam hath gone,
And the pale lip, with accents low and weak.
Will ye then think upon your life's gay prime,
And, smiling, bid Love triumph over Time?

Speak it not lightly. Oh, beware, beware!
'Tis no vain promise, no unmeaning word,
Lo! man and angels list the faith ye swear,
And by the High and Holy One 'tis heard,
Oh, then, kneel humbly at His altar now,
And pray for strength to keep the marriage vow.

CURIOUS ANTIPATHIES.

We often meet with persons who profess a loathing or dislike of some particular object. Some say this law runs through nature; that the sound of a drum made of wolf's skin will break another of sheep's skin, and that bees will fly away faster at the sound of a harp of fox-gut string, than one string with any other.

It is well known that the vanity of King James I never overcame his weakness of being unable to look on a naked sword. A certain knight used to relate that when he was knighted the king turned his face away, and nearly wounded him. This may be accounted for, as his mother, Mary Queen of Scots, shortly before his birth, had a great shock given to her on seeing her favorite, Rizzio, killed in her presence. We are told of a king of Poland, that he could not bear to see apples. Pennant, the eminent traveler, had a great aversion to wigs, which was also transferred to their wearers for the time.

It is said of a famous duke that, soldier as he was, he could not sit in the same room with a cat; and that he would not even pass under a signboard with a cat painted on it! It will hardly be credited that though the valorous Peter the Great built a fleet, he yet from his sixth to his fourteenth year could not bear the sight of either still or running water, especially if he was alone. And he would not cross over the smallest brook, not even on a bridge, unless the windows of his carriage were shut close, and even then he had cold perspirations. A celebrated Frenchman could not endure any musical instrument, although he delighted in thunder. Gretry, the composer, and Anne of Austria were identical in their dislike of the smell of roses.

A learned physician tells us of healthy strong men who were always uneasy on touching velvet, or on seeing another person hand a cork; of a lady who could not bear to touch silk or satin, and shuddered when feeling the skin of a peach. One of the Earls of Barrymore considered the pansy an abomination; and the unfortunate Princess Lamballe looked upon the violet as a thing of horror. Scaliger the scholar turned pale at the sight of water cresses, and he could never drink milk. It is said of Cardan, the philosopher, that he was disgusted at the sight of eggs. We have heard of a valiant soldier fleeing without shame from a sprig of rue. The author of the "Turkish Spy" tells us that provided he had but a sword in his hand, he would rather encounter a lion in the deserts of Arabia, than feel a spider crawling on him in the dark!

We hear from the philosophic Boyle, that the sharpening of a knife or the tearing of brown paper never failed to make the gums bleed of a servant he once had. The secretary to Francis I always bled at the nose on seeing apples; a gentleman also in the court of the Emperor Ferdinand had the same infelicity on being near a cat new. In the *Universal Magazine* for October, 1762, we read of a woman who on handling iron of any kind was immediately bathed in perspiration, though never otherwise affected in this way. In "The Academy of the Curious" is an account of a young woman in Germany, who for sixteen years had such an aversion to wine, that she could not touch anything of its nature without perspiring profusely, though she had previously been accustomed to drink it. A learned divine never heard the floor swept without being immediately uneasy, and feeling as though he were suffocated. He would run away or jump out of a window at the sight of a broom, the association with it and the noise was so intolerable. In "Ten Thousand Wonderful Things," we read of a young man who was known to faint whenever he heard the servant sweeping. There is an account of a brave officer so frightened at the sight of a mouse, that he dare not look at one without a sword in his hand. We read of another case of an officer who was only troubled with fear in the presence of a smothered rabbit. Another man was subdued by a cold shoulder of mutton!

A traveler tells us that a melancholy Duke of Muscovy fell ill if he had but looked upon a woman, and that another anchorite was seized with a cold palsy under similar circumstances. In the "Table Book" we find an account of a gentleman who would swoon on hearing the word wool, although his cloak was made of the same material. Again, in the *Universal Magazine*, we read of a young woman who fainted whenever she heard a bell ring. The medical pioneer, Hippocrates, mentions one who swooned whenever he heard a flute. Scaliger mentions one of his relations who experienced a horror on seeing a lily. Henry III of France fainted whenever he saw a cat. Tycho Brahe, the superstitious astronomer, was similarly affected on seeing a fox, and a French marshal at the sight of a pig. We hear of a lady who swooned on seeing boiled lobsters; while a celebrated Frenchman mentions a gentleman afflicted with the same weakness when he saw an oil. There is a record of a young lady who fainted if any person cut his nails with a knife in her presence; but if done with scissors, she was indifferent. Boyle, the philosopher, himself tells us that he never conquered his uneasiness at the sound of water running and splashing through a pipe, and that he sometimes even fainted. We are told of French people particularly partial to the odor of jonquils or tube roses, who will swoon at the smell of ordinary roses.

Very extraordinary is a case that the eccentric Rousseau tells us of a lady who was seized with an involuntary and violent fit of laughter whenever she heard any kind of music.

Boyle, who seems to have paid some attention to antipathy, records the case of a man who felt a natural repugnance to honey. Without his knowledge, some honey was introduced in a plaster applied to his foot; and the accidents that resulted compelled his attendants to withdraw it. He has a similar case of a lady with the same aversion; her physician mixed some with a plaster without her cognizance, which caused the most dangerous effects until the plaster was removed.

Grains of Gold.

Ceremonies differ in every country, but true politeness is ever the same.

The best manner of revenging an injury is not to imitate the person that did it.

Keep yourself from envy; it is the lowest and most shameful passion in the world.

The way to please is not to display your superiority; it is to conceal it from being perceived.

You must not abandon reason in your pleasures, if you would find it again in your troubles.

Every to-morrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or the handle of faith.

Never let the world see that you are fond of your own person; a polite man never finds time to talk of himself.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain—it is a seed which even dropped by chance springs up a flower.

Reflection is the guide that leads to truth; consider facts only as authorities to support reason, or as subjects to exercise it.

The thunder of great words does not always betoken a great thought, for many a grand salute is fired with a blank cartridge.

To think kindly one of another is good, to speak kindly of one another is better, but to act kindly one towards another is best of all.

Selfishness, though refined, is still but selfishness, and refinement ought never to interfere with doing good in the world as it exists.

Conceit is an assumption which is to Nature what paint is to beauty—not only needless, but a detriment to that which it is meant to improve.

Never swerve in your conduct from your honest convictions; decide because you see reason for decision, and then act because you have decided.

A few kind words a little forbearance, or a kiss will open the way to a flood of sunshine in a life darkened by the clouds of discord and unamiability.

The secret of respectability lies in the strict observance of the following three rules: Live within your means, always tell the truth, and keep good company.

What veracity is to speech, fidelity is to action. As we may safely depend upon the word of a truthful man, so we may safely depend upon the doings of a faithful man.

We are not more ingenious in searching out bad motives for good actions when performed by others, than good motives for bad actions when performed by ourselves.

One must set to work betimes to keep one's self free from passions; they may in the beginning be under command but they domineer at last; they are more easy to be overcome than satisfied.

One man falls by his ambition, another by his perfidy, a third by his avarice, and a fourth by his lust. What are these but so many nets, watched indeed by the fowler, but woven by the victim?

There appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well. Measure by man's desires, he cannot live long enough; measure by his good deeds, and he has not lived long enough; measure by his evil deeds, and he has lived too long.

Like every other faculty, the imagination needs wise direction and vigorous culture; and, if it receives this treatment, it will put a vital and energetic force into every part of life, and give a new impetus to the most practical of its realities.

Rather take pains with your heart than to improve your knowledge—that ought to be the great study of your life. The true greatness of man lies in the heart; it must be elevated by aspiring to great things, and by daring to think ourselves worthy of them.

Politeness, that cementer of friendship, and soother of enmities, is nowhere so much required, and so frequently outraged, as in family circles; in near and dear connections it is continually abandoned, and the result is, that all the beauties of life are destroyed, and with them much of its happiness.

Without steadiness of character in social life, there can be no true fellowship. Accomplishments may please, beauty may charm, fluency and grace may attract; but to win confidence and respect, to be trusted and relied upon, the man or woman must be stable in character, self poised, true to promises, punctual, uniting firmness to geniality and steadfastness to good nature.

Feminilities.

Woman is an idol that man worships until he throws it down.

A feminine debating society known as the Wranglers, has lately been established in London.

A deep-thinker says that the generality of women who do fancy work don't fancy work.

I like a woman who can receive a compliment intelligently and gracefully, but not seriously.

A down-town woman has 350,000 cancelled postage stamps, but she can't sell 'em for more than a cent a pound.

A child's dress made of flint glass and trimmed with lace made of the same material will soon be exhibited in Pittsburg.

Washington ladies complain that they have really too much visiting to do, and a social congress is proposed to find a remedy.

The coeducation of the sexes is an established success at Michigan University, where about two hundred ladies are now studying.

The woman who marries at the age of twenty-five is tolerably sure of domestic happiness. At that age she seldom deceives herself and is seldom deceived.

A correspondent of a Western paper valiantly asserts that no woman can keep her self-respect when she puts on cheap clothing simply for the sake of appearing well.

The Sultan of Morocco has divorced 200 of his wives, and proposes to pass the remainder of his life in peace and quiet, even if he has to go around without a button on his shirt.

"You lost two legs in the war, you say; what did you gain by it?" asked a gentleman of a cripple. "Single blessedness, sir," he replied; "for after that no woman would marry me."

Lady Margaret asked somebody for a pretty pattern for a nightcap. "Well," said the person, "what signifies the pattern of a nightcap?" "Oh! child," said she, "but you know, in case of fire!"

A Woman's Endowment Association has been incorporated in Warsaw. It proposes to insure unmarried women between twelve and fifty in the sums of $200, $1 000 or $2,000, to be paid when they get married.

Spanish lace is to be almost piled upon grenadine dresses this summer. Panels half a yard wide, covered with cascades of lace; flounces with double frills at the throat and sleeves are only the beginning.

When a country editor wishes to get up a big sale for his paper, he sends to a correspondent, through an office presided over by a woman, a postal card on which is written, "Send me a full account of that scandal."

The Somerville, the new ladies' club in London, opens with a membership of sixteen hundred. It is intended to be useful to working women, and its annual rate of subscription is only one dollar and a quarter.

A visitor to a prison asked a prisoner why he had been sent there. "For false encouragement," was the reply. "False encouragement! What do you mean?" "I encouraged forty-three women to believe that I was going to marry them."

Boldness in women is unseemly and unnatural. It may seem fine to a young woman to have a great spirit, to despise conventionalities, to talk slang, and be "knowing;" but that young woman who entertains such ideas may be assured she is mistaken.

The fashion in Paris is to wear precious stones of different colors. Earrings, too, are no longer made in pairs. One earring may be formed of a large sapphire circled with diamonds, and the other of different dimensions of a ruby also circled with diamonds.

A woman will work a month to fabricate a delicate protection for a chair, and then when it is in place an edict is promptly issued forbidding any man sitting in that chair, through fear of spoiling the tidy. It's the best chair protector that possibly could be desired.

Why don't railway corporations take more women into their employment? Most of them know well how to manage trains, they can handle switches very carefully, there is less color blindness among them than among men—and occasionally one is to be found who can "fire up" beautifully.

Newspapers are having a great civilising influence on the Indians of the West. A dusky maiden whose father had brought home a patent medicine sheet the other day, went at once to a drug store and bought a liver pad. And the next day she appeared on the street dressed only in that protector.

"What do you suppose I'll look like when I get out of this?" indignantly inquired a fashionable-dressed young lady of the conductor of an overcrowded car the other day. "A good deal like crushed sugar, miss," said the conductor. And the lady stood up and rode four stations further with the smile of an angel.

Seven handkerchiefs boxes should beauty now have upon its dressing-case, a box for each day in the week, since the new pocket-handkerchiefs are now marked with the names of the day and as it is a lamentable thing to carry a Monday handkerchief under Tuesday's sun, separate boxes are found convenient.

Provincial papers of Germany tell of a hearty country bride in a village there, who has been literally danced to death. Each of the young men at the wedding wished to have a dance with her. They took turns, and so wearied her that she soon afterwards became ill, had to take to her bed and, after lingering for a short time, died.

"Why do women so often wander aimlessly in the murky solitudes of the dead Past, brooding over the days that are forever gone?" asked a young lady of her practical lover, who is a widower. "They don't," he replied. "On the contrary, they wander around the dry goods stores of the Present, pricing things they have no idea of buying."

A foreign letter writer says: "European gentlemen have a curious idea of American ladies. That we are "spoiled," as they express it, by much petting, is generally believed. A Hungarian expressed his knowledge of us by saying, when asked to contribute to my entertainment, "I speak only Hungarian. I cannot talk with her, but I will find a rocking chair in the town somewhere, and I will be the man to fan her." I saw once in a Hungarian paper a picture of the American lady at home. Of course she sat in a rocking chair, and four gentlemen hovered about her with fans and wraps.

News Notes.

Barber shops must be closed in Cleveland on Sundays.

A cook died in Gotham the other day leaving $250 000.

There are one hundred bicycle clubs in the United States.

"Galvanised butter" is the latest device of the Canadian farmer.

Ex-Vice President Colfax is still lecturing on Abraham Lincoln.

The handwriting by convicts in the prisons of Europe is of the first-class.

One passenger killed for every forty-one thousand who travel, is the average.

The largest orange ever raised in Florida is said to be five inches in diameter.

Montreal milkmen sold their milk by the pound last winter, and in frozen chunks.

An imperfect copy of the famous Guttenberg Bible sold the other day in London for $3 800.

The new prohibitory law in Kansas absolutely forbids the use of wine in the sacrament.

Fanny, a fish of the carp family, reputed to be four hundred years old, died in France last month.

Railroad depots in Indiana are surrounded by gardens, in which flowers bloom all the year round.

The Missouri House of Representatives has passed a bill making it a felony to demand or receive illegal fees.

New York Socialists have adopted an address advising the Russian Nihilists to assassinate all the aristocracy.

Bushel boxes are rapidly coming into use in Europe in which to sell potatoes, apples and some other products.

Lager beer is prepared by a slow process of fermentation from strong infusions of barley, malt, hops and grape sugar.

A Canadian farmer's boy, self-taught in the art of bird stuffing, has a collection of 1 800 birds, all caught, stuffed and mounted by himself.

A school-teacher colored from Omaha with a seventeen-year-old scholar, left her board bill unpaid and an empty trunk nailed to the floor.

A Boston authority says that a good and complete series of autograph letters of signers of the Declaration of American Independence is worth $2 500.

A Virginia paper records the fact that two young men, sons of millionaires of Baltimore, have engaged work at a tannery, intending to learn the trade.

Worth, the man-milliner of Paris, advertises, "Every class of corset for corpulency and riding for gentlemen;" and adds: "Figures padded for court dress."

There is a superstition in some parts of England that no one can die on a pillow of game feathers, and that it is unlucky to keep peacocks' feathers in one's house.

A new passenger engine, built at the shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company was lately tested with a train of seven cars, and made 87¼ miles in 87 minutes.

Hester Howard struck terror into the hearts of her funeral party by rising on her elbow in her coffin at St. Louis cemetery. She really expired soon afterwards.

A peculiarity of the Austrian Empress is said to be her horror of noise. Wherever she may be, thick carpets are laid down, that she may not hear even the sound of her own footsteps.

Farmers sell spring water in the streets of Baltimore at five cents for a gallon, or two cents for all that one person chooses to drink. In a rain storm recently one farmer sold enough to give him $18.

The most trustworthy of early Irish records, known as the "Annals of the Four Masters," begins the history of Ireland 40 days after the Deluge, when a granddaughter of Noah colonized the island with fifty girls and three men.

Heanenway, one of the most striking Methodist exhorters in Massachusetts, has gone to the penitentiary for stealing a bag of corn. He commented his defense in court, and made a fervid appeal to the jurors, but they did not melt.

One of the industries of Australia is the cooking and canning of rabbits, which are so plentiful in some districts that whole crops are sometimes destroyed by them. One firm, during the season, which lasted 25 weeks, canned 675 000 of the rodents.

The late Matthew Newkirk, one of the projectors and early presidents of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad, was the inventor of the baggage check, the joy and convenience of the American traveler, and a thing unknown to the inhabitants of Europe to this day.

A Deadwood firm of lawyers, in an advertisement headed by a picture of a skull and cross bones, offer for sale claims against a number of persons, among whom is a deputy sheriff and a man described as "a professional dead beat and amalgamator." The list is to be "kept standing until paid, and other names will follow, if their accounts are not settled at once."

The Montreal Witness quotes an assertion from New Brunswick papers to the effect that two men in a lumber camp "up the river" entered into a contest, on a bet of $5 to see who could do the greatest amount of swearing. The man who secured the money, by swearing two oaths more than his adversary, according to the story, was stricken dumb, and at last accounts had not regained his speech.

Education has almost come to a standstill in a certain part of England under peculiar circumstances. At the last meeting of the School Board of that place it was reported that nearly five hundred children were incapacitated by sore feet from attending school. The explanation given of this epidemic of lameness was that the children had no shoes to wear during the late severe weather.

BE GOOD TO YOURSELF FOR ONCE, if troubled with a bad Cough, Cold or Lung Affection, and use promptly Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a safe remedy for Asthma, and Pleurisy, as well as all Throat Complaints.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

BE IT SEATED IN THE

Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Feet or Nerves,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach, Tic Doloureux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Kidney Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Consumption,

LIVER COMPLAINT, Etc.,

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Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
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One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicine than any other Preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses while others require five or six times as much.

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DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS, FEVER AND AGUE,

CURED AND PREVENTED

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

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Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

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For headache, whether sick or nervous; Nervousness and Sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

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A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders

Price, 25 Cents per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named: "False and True," "Radway on Irritable Urethra," "Radway on Scrofula," and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Read "False and True."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 87 WARREN, corner CHURCH St., New York.

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of Dr. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

THE MILD POWER
CURES
HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

WE GIVE the Social Visitor, largest and best story paper in the world, 6 Months, on trial, and a Beautiful French Writing Box, just a Morocco, containing Lead Pencil, Penholder, 3 Golden Pens, Rubber, Patent Top Pencil, for 30 Cts., Stamps taken. This offer is made to introduce our paper into new homes. Address Social Visitor Pub. Co., Box 3120, Boston, Mass.

E. G. RIDEOUT & CO.'S
SOLID ALUMINIUM GOLD CASED WATCHES
THE BEST WATCHES IN AMERICA.

THE cases of these Watches are made from a metal discovered in Switzerland, February 15th, 1878, and we are now introducing it for the first time in this country. Aluminium is the only metal discovered that keeps its color and never tarnishes. It costs more than other so-called metals, the foundation of which is brass and grows black after a short time. Our Aluminium cases contain a percentage of pure gold, without which no metal can be made that will keep its color. Life-long experiments have disclosed the fact that a certain percentage of gold used in conjunction with several other metals, will produce a metal equal in appearance and durability to pure gold, though not of the same intrinsic value. The works of these Watches, like the works of all our watches, are of the best make of American Watches. The cases so closely resemble gold, both in density and color, that the most skillful jewelers cannot detect the difference. They retain their brilliancy as long as gold. They are jeweled and well finished, and taken altogether present the same appearance as a Gold watch worth $100. From one to September last we invariably charged $18 to $20 to citizens coming into our store, and they had abundant opportunities for examining them.

Beautiful and well-finished Chains of the same metal, at $3, $4, $5 and $6 each. Chains are sold at half-price when ordered with the watches, or by the half dozen. No other house in the world offers watches at so low a price, and we are enabled to do this because we buy the movements direct from the manufacturers, and manufacture our own cases. Moreover, all our Watches are good time-keepers. We send none out but those which have been tested by our workmen for a considerable length of time. No Watch is allowed to leave our establishment, no matter how pressing the order may be, until it has been thoroughly overhauled, regulated, and made to correspond with the standard time-keeper. Therefore, those who purchase of us have every right to expect a first-class time-keeper for their money; and they may depend upon it that we will use every exertion to meet their anticipation.

We claim the following merits for the Watches sold in our establishment, and for those sent abroad:

1. That they will not vary, if wound up regularly.
2. That the cases will retain the color of gold.
3. That the best jewelers cannot distinguish them from Gold Watches.
4. That the jewels are genuine and not false.
5. That the movement is the genuine American.

In short, we claim for our Watches every merit that is claimed for any Gold Watch costing $150 or $200.

The Movements are all Encased in Aluminium Gold Cases of the latest pattern. No jewelry, however high in price, surpasses this in beauty, workmanship, or in any respect, except value. It equals that of gold, which costs nearly ten times as much. The discovery of this compound was characterized by all the leading jewelers as well as engravers, as being invaluable, for the reason that millions of dollars' worth of gold was annually worked into jewelry and watch cases, thereby taking from circulation that immense amount of money, which keeps the European and American money markets cramped for coin. The importance of the discovery of this compound for gold can be seen at a glance by all educated people, as it will, in every case, answer the purpose of VIRGIN GOLD, except for the coining of money. For that, of course, it will not answer, for the reason that virgin gold is the basis of all values, and this being a composition, has no standard value, or we could not afford to encase the movements of the Watch with this Gold Metal, and sell the watches complete for that price, as the works are the same as in a genuine gold case.

TESTIMONIALS.—We submit the following extracts of letters from parties as a distance, whom we never saw, and of whom we know nothing except that we dealt with them by mail and express. Those who desire to assure themselves of the genuineness of the testimonials will do well to address the parties. We have too many letters of this sort, from different parts of the country, to resort to the usual method of writing fictitious ones!

ELMIRA, N. Y., January 1st, 1879.

DEAR SIRS.—I have been a conductor on the N. Y. Central R.R. for the past fifteen years. In that time I have had several watches in my possession; some were good, but most of them were wanting in one or more of the qualities of a reliable Watch. I ordered one of your Watches in May, last year. I have run my train by it every day since. I wind it up regularly at 12 M., and it has not varied half a minute during the time it has been in my possession. It retains its original color, and in every respect is the best watch I ever had. You may publish this if it will promote your interests.

RUFUS FORBES.

JACKSON, Mich., October 20th, 1879.

I received your six watches all right the day before yesterday, and have sold them all but one. I am perfectly delighted with them, and all those to whom I have sold them express themselves perfectly satisfied. EDWARD HUGHES.

NOVA, Mich., August 2d, 1880.

DEAR SIRS.—I sold the Aluminium Gold Watch that I ordered of you some time ago, this day, for $24.50. Will send for a dozen soon. Truly yours, F. W. SALISBURY.

THE LATEST.

GREAT FALLS, N. H., March 8th, 1881.

GENTLEMEN.—The Aluminium Gold Cased Watch which I ordered of you four months since, was received in due time, and I am perfectly satisfied with it. It retains its original color perfectly, and is the best time-keeper I ever owned. Every one supposes that my Watch is solid Gold and cost $100, or more. With best wishes, I remain, Very truly yours, C. E. JEFFREY.

WE HAVE HUNDREDS OF LIKE TESTIMONIALS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE U. S.

OUR TERMS.—The price of each watch is $15, or three for $40, six for $75, twelve for $140. No house in the world offers such watches at such a price. We are enabled to do this because we manufacture our own cases, and the movements are made to our orders.

REMEMBER WE SEND YOU A SAMPLE WATCH AND CHAIN FOR ONLY $10.00.

HOW TO SEND MONEY.—Send money by Registered Letter, P. O. Order, or Bank Draft at our risk. If you want watches sent C. O. D., you must remit at least three dollars to five dollars with the order, to insure us against loss of express charges in case you do not pay the C. O. D.

Persons living away from an express office can have their watches sent by Registered Mail by sending full amount with the order, and 25 cents to pay postage and registration. When sent by mail registered, they are as safe as by express.

READ DECIDE AND ACT.—In order to get our Aluminium Gold Metal Watches introduced throughout the country, we will make the following offer to all who contemplate taking an agency. We will forward one of our watches as a sample, WITH A SPLENDID CHAIN for TEN DOLLARS, which is $5 less than the retail price, and Seven Dollars less than we ever offered a sample one before. We do this for the reason that we well know if a person buys one we will be sure to send him a half dozen or dozen the next time, as we have never known it to fail.

Please do not confound our ALUMINIUM Gold Case Watch with the cheap metal and utterly worthless watches sold by some dealers. ☞ Address

E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 12 Barclay St., N. Y.

CUT THIS OUT—IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

AN OLD GIRL.

Red paint blooms on her withered cheeks;
Gay ringlets lose upon the air,
In pert, coquettish tones she speaks,
And imitates the baby stare.
She shows a dainty little shoe,
This sweet old girl of—fifty-two.

She's broken lovers' hearts a score;
The finest men she might have had:
She trembles lest there may be more
Die for her self, or else go mad.
In truth, no lover yet would woo
This sprightly girl of—fifty-two.

She modestly averts her eyes!
She hides the blush that will not come;
She gives the most heart-rending sighs;
She giggles, and she bites her thumb.
She wears bright colors, not a few,
This sprightly girl of—fifty-two.

Of naughty men she is afraid—
What their intentions are she knows;
Her timid acts are neatly played:
She runs away, but never goes—
And bravely face dangers, too,
This guileless girl of fifty-two.

She still has hopes that some fine day
A man, to claim her heart, will kneel;
And often thinks just what she'll say
Before she faints, and how she'll feel
When kissed—for that's entirely new
To this old girl of—fifty-two.

—H. C. Dodge.

Facetiæ.

Mock no man for his snub-nose, for you never can tell what may turn up.

Resolutions are great sticklers for ceremony. They all have to be introduced.

The theatrical stage need not be considered angelic simply because it has wings and flies.

The man whose only claim to sanctity is a long face, should dispose of a portion of his chock.

It is customary for an official to be sworn into office, and to be sworn at while he remains in.

While love lies dreaming, what show is there for getting any truth out of her when she is awake?

"The Story of an Honest Man," is the title of a late work. Is it necessary to add that it is a work of fiction?

One can always tell when a theatrical performance is very funny by counting the number of people who go out to smile between the acts.

A raw Irishman, on his first sight of a locomotive, declared it was the devil. "No," said his companion "it's only a steamboat hunting for water."

"What is that dog barking at?" asked a fop, whose boots were far more polished than his ideas. "Why," said a bystander, "he sees another puppy in your boots."

You can save doctor bills and keep your family always well with Hop Bitters. Read advertisement.

Distressing accident: "A man went into a house the other night and picked up a gun. Of course he didn't know it was loaded. It went off, and did the man. And the man who owns, or rather who did own the gun, would give $50 to know where he went.

A Nashville man answering a New York advertisement, "How to win at poker," received the following reply: "Hold four aces or don't poke."

A Western ticket agent fell into the hands of Indians. The old chief, after whetting his knife, remarked, "Young man, two can play at the same game," so they scalped him.

A stranger in St. Louis, thinking he recognized his coat on the back of a pedestrian, shouted, "Stop thief!" and about thirty of the inhabitants suddenly disappeared down a side street.

A poor excuse is better than none. We hear of a man who justifies his meanness toward his wife by asserting that he and she are one, and therefore by refusing to furnish her with money, he practises the heroic virtue of self denial.

"Tough, madam—tough, did you say?" said the irascible boarder to the landlady, as he was trying to carve what was ostensibly a chicken—"yes'm; and were I to give my opinion of the fowl, I should say it was old enough to have scratched up the seeds of original sin when they were first planted."

Another Candidate.

By a large majority the people of the United States have declared their faith in Kidney-Wort as a remedy for all the diseases of the kidneys and liver. Some, however, have disliked the trouble of preparing it from the dry form. For such a new candidate appears in the shape of Kidney-Wort in Liquid Form. It is very concentrated, is easily taken, and is equally efficient as the dry. Try it.—Louisville Post.

KIDNEY-WORT
THE GREAT CURE
FOR
RHEUMATISM

As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

KIDNEY-WORT

has had wonderful success, and an immense sale in every part of the Country. In hundreds of cases it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

☞ It cleanses, Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

As it has been proved by thousands that

KIDNEY-WORT

is the most effectual remedy for cleansing the system of all morbid secretions. It should be used in every household as a

SPRING MEDICINE.

Always cures BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PILES and all FEMALE Diseases.

Is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans, one package of which makes 6 quarts medicine.

Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. *It acts with equal efficiency in either form.*

GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'rs, (Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

KIDNEY-WORT

DR. WARNER'S
CORALINE CORSET.
Boned with a New Material,

called Coraline, which is vastly superior to horn or whalebone.

A Reward of $10 will be paid for every Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. It is elastic, pliable and very comfortable, and is not affected by cold, heat or moisture.

For sale by leading Merchants. Price by mail $1.25.

WARNER BRO'S.
372 Broadway, N. Y.

WHITE GLYCERINE Gives a Permanently BEAUTIFUL Complexion.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin without injury, eradicates all spots, impurities and Discolorations, either within or upon the skin, leaving it smooth, soft, pliable. For Sunburn, Prickly Heat, Chapped, Rough or Chafed Skin, it is the best thing in the world. TRY Pearl's White Glycerine Soap. 3 cakes by mail 60c. Pearl's White Glycerine Co. Prop'rs Jersey City, N. J. Sold by all Druggists.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ETIQUETTE AND BUSINESS

This is the cheapest and only complete and reliable work on Etiquette and Business and Social Forms. It tells how to perform all the various duties of life, and how to appear to the best advantage on all occasions. AGENTS WANTED.—Send for circulars containing a full description of the work and extra terms to Agents. Address, National Publishing Co., Phila., Pa.

Fac-Similes of U.S. Treasury and National Bank Bills.

CONSISTING of nine exact imitations of United States Treasury Notes and nine of National Bank Bills, 18 in all, of various denominations. As a rare and instantaneous means of detecting counterfeit money they are invaluable. Price $1 a package.

L. A. MAYHAW & CO.,
P. O. Box 1291. New York City.

102 YOUR NAME in New Type on 10c. Chromos, 100. 25 new styles, designed by best artists. *Bouquets, Gold Chromo, Birds, Landscapes, Panels, Winter Scenes, etc.* Best collection of Cards ever sold for 10c. Sample Book containing samples of all our Cards, 25c. Largest Card House in America. Dealers supplied with Blank Cards. AMERICAN CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

ANY GENT or lady that sends us their address will receive something Free by Mail that may prove the stepping stone to a life of success. It is especially adapted to those who have reached the foot of the hill. Address M. YOUNG, 173 Greenwich St., New York.

OLD HICKORY CEMENT.

The best on earth for mending everything; 25c. bottle sent as sample, post paid, on receipt of 15c. Catalogue of 1000 fast selling articles free. E. NASON & CO., MANUFACTURERS, 111 Nassau St., New York.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED from any part of the body in five minutes, without injury to the skin, by "UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER." Sent by mail for $1 25 by S. C. UPHAM, 56 South 8th Street, Philadelphia. Circulars sent free.

REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

Important discoveries. Immense sales. Sample books ready. Agents wanted. A. GORTON & CO., Philadelp'a.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest Selling Historical Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per ct. National Publish'g Co. Philadelphia, Pa.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT CURED in 10 to 20 days. NO PAY TILL CURED. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

50 NEW Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, name on 10c. Book of samples 15c. Postmaster, Higganum, Ct

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT ORGANS.

EVERYBODY is interested in that beautiful and popular instrument, the CABINET or PARLOR ORGAN. It has fairly won a position in public favor equal to the Piano-Forte, and is sure to be a popular musical educator of future millions.

In the manufacture of these instruments the United States lead the world. In quality of tone, excellence of mechanism, beauty of design, and economy of manufacture, our country stands confessedly and immensely in advance of all others.

We may well be proud of our achievements in this respect, and all who rejoice in American success, will read with satisfaction the striking illustrations of our superiority, which we quote from recent publications of the celebrated organ house of Marchal & Smith.

We will begin by explaining the music-producing mechanism, the most important of which are

THE REEDS.

The Reed is a metal tongue, which is fastened to a frame by a rivet or clamp at one end, leaving the other end free to vibrate in the current of air which is drawn through the frame. These reeds in their frames are placed in rows or "Sets," ranged according to their tone, from the largest and lowest bass, to the highest and smallest treble reed. They are made fast upon a board specially prepared for them, and beneath each reed the board is mortised, to permit the free passage of the air through the reed. Two, three, four, and sometimes more rows are arranged together upon the board in parallel lines. The board is then used as the top of a thin box, which is made air tight, and is called the "*wind-chest*." To the bottom of this box or wind-chest, is attached the bellows, by the use of which the wind is forced through the reeds to produce the music.

In order to produce the tones in musical succession, or combined harmony, valves are attached to the mortised holes in the reed board, to prevent the passage of the air, without the will of the performer.

With these valves the keys are connected in such a way that when the player presses a Key, the valve under it is opened for the passage of air to vibrate the reed, and sound the note. The valve is held securely to its place by a spring which yields to the pressure of the fingers of the player upon the Keys.

As the valve usually admits the wind to more than one set of reeds, a control of each set separately is secured by placing over each reed an air tight chamber, one end of which may be opened at the performer's will. By this contrivance, two or more reeds may be operated (together or separately,) by the action of one valve, by leaving the chambers closed over the reeds that we would have remain silent. This is accomplished by making the chambers open at one end, and hanging the end piece by a hinge so that it may be raised to admit the air or closed to exclude it. This free end of the chamber is attached to the "Stop" by the use of which the action of the reed in playing is controlled. In this way a double control of the reed is obtained. First the valve closes the mortise through the board, under the reed, and secondly, the chamber over the reed keeps it silent. The valve is operated by the keys. The reed chambers are controlled by the stops. The necessity for connecting each chamber separately with the stops, is avoided by the chambers being made side by side in a line, so that one long strip will close the open ends of an entire set. This strip, called a "*Slide*," is connected with the stop by devices, which differ with each manufacturer.

THE STOPS.

THE STOPS are connected with the mutes to give the player that control of the reeds by which he may select such sets as he wishes to use in the endless variety of beautiful musical effects which their various combinations place at his command.

THE CELESTE will give him tones of charming sweetness.

THE SUB BASS adds rounded fulness and grand power.

THE DIAPASON joins its rich, smooth tone to every combination.

THE FLUTE gives brightness, brilliancy, vigor and animation.

LA BRILLANTE is bold, free, firm, rich. A fresh and brilliant solo.

THE CELLO—A Contralto Solo, pleasing and sweet in every combination.

MELODIA—A pure sweet tone, a rounded, full melody.

DULCET gives a softer charm to the more powerful sets.

VIOLA adds a quiet charm to the animation of the Flute.

ECHO brings back the echoing tones softened by distance.

CELESTINA catches new beauties, and gives the Celeste an added charm.

AEOLINE gives a pure and pleasing variety to the other sets.

VIOLINA, a softer, sweeter, purer tone of great value.

VOX HUMANA gives the wavy tremolo effect so much admired.

COUPLER doubles the power, gives brilliancy to every stop.

GRAND ORGAN—A grand combination in one burst of harmony.

MELODIA FORTE adds power and force to the Melodia set.

FLUTE FORTE, a permanent swell giving force to the Flute.

DULCIANA extends the rich fulness of the Diapason to other octaves.

CLARIONET rounds out the Celeste to full volume.

These stops govern and control all the reeds that can be successfully used in a parlor organ.

THE CASE.

The principles of cabinet manufacture are so widely known that a detailed description of the manufacture of the case is not needed.

In the construction of the Case we take advantage of every possibility for the exercises of artistic taste, excellence in workmanship and mechanical skill. Only carefully-selected lumber is allowed to go into our cases. It is thoroughly seasoned and completely kiln-dried, and made perfectly fit for our use in every particular. Long experience gives us peculiar advantages there; for upon the judgment and knowledge of the buyer depends the excellence and economy of the lumber used.

We employ designers of excellent taste, and the most skilful artists to give beauty of form and elegance of finish to our instruments. The carving upon the lamp-stands, the Desk, Handles and Pedals, have the the careful attention of the Designer and Artist. The desire for excellence in this Department of organ manufacture has led to the organizing in our factories of a corps of artists and designers of the highest order of skill and excellence in taste.

Their labor produces beautiful organs, ornamented with forms and figures of grace and beauty, which gratify the taste for the beautiful, while they delight the ear with music.

The $60 Organ described in the following advertisement has proven the most successful and popular instrument ever manufactured.

We originally offered this organ at $60 simply for introduction. Thousands have been sold since we first offered them, and the production in such immense quantities has enabled us to *perfect* and *economize* their manufacture that we are able to now extend the low offer indefinitely.

MARCHAL & SMITH ORGAN CO.

NO AGENTS!

By Sending DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO PURCHASER,

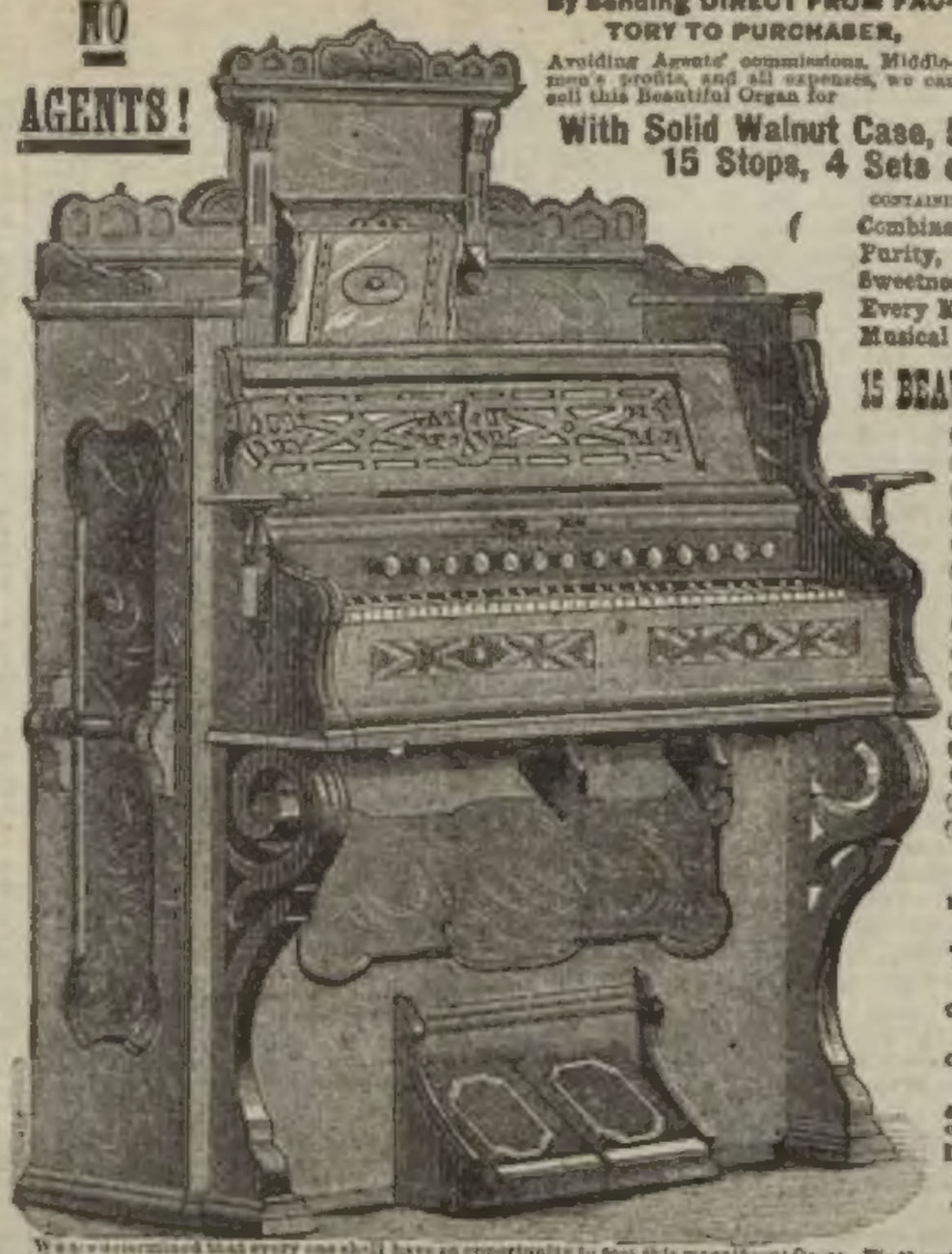
Avoiding Agents' commissions, Middlemen's profits, and all expenses, we can sell this Beautiful Organ for

$60

With Solid Walnut Case, 5 Octaves, 15 Stops, 4 Sets of Reeds,

CONTAINING THE GREATEST

Combination of Power, Purity, Variety and Sweetness of Tone, with Every Mechanical and Musical Excellence.



15 BEAUTIFUL STOPS

(1) Diapason.
(2) Dulcet.
(3) Dulciana.
(4) Echo.
(5) Celesta.
(6) Clarionet.
(7) Sub-Bass.
(8) Coupler.
(9) Vox Humana
(10) Diapason Forte.
(11) Aeoline.
(12) Celestina.
(13) Flute.
(14) Flute Forte.
(15) Grand Organ Knee Stop.

No. 873, 70 inches high, 48 inches long

4 Sets of Reeds

as follows:

One set of powerful Sub-Bass
One set, 5 octaves, Vox Celeste,
4½ octaves each of regular Diapason Reeds, with Coupler, which doubles the power.

We are determined that every one shall have an opportunity to test this magnificent Organ. We therefore put the price at $60 and **send on Fifteen Days Trial.** We send with every Organ a **STOOL, MUSIC and INSTRUCTION BOOK.**

Making a Complete Musical Outfit for $60.

☞ PLEASE SEND IN YOUR ORDER AT ONCE. Remit by Post-Office Money Order, Express Prepaid, or by Draft on New York. **Money Refunded and freight charges paid both ways if any way unsatisfactory, or you may try only after you have fully tested that your own home for fifteen days.** Send reference or evidence of your responsibility if you do not send cash with order.

The only House in America

That offers a Five Octave Organ, Four Sets of Reeds, having

SUB-BASS, COUPLER, CELESTE & GRAND ORGAN for $60

With Stool, Music and Instruction Book complete. Sent for trial and examination. Guaranteed Six Years. You take no responsibility till you receive and approve the Organ.

TWENTY YEARS WITHOUT ONE DISSATISFIED PURCHASER.

A MOMENT'S CONSIDERATION will show the certainty of securing a superior instrument from us. Dealers can trust to their own shrewdness and the ignorance of purchasers to conceal defects in the instruments they sell. We can not know who will test ours, and must send instruments of a quality so superior that their merits can not be hidden. Order direct from this advertisement. You take no responsibility. Nothing gained by correspondence.

MARCHAL & SMITH, No. 8 West Eleventh St., New York, N. Y.

TESTS.

The measure of COMPARATIVE excellence among our manufacturers may be found in the tests to which each submits the instruments which his factory produces. It is quite evident that the tests applied to one or two Organs, carefully constructed for the express purpose of undergoing those tests, will in no-wise settle the question of the excellence and durability of all, or even of any, of the other Organs made by that manufacturer.

OUR SYSTEM is the only one that puts each Organ on its OWN merits, by submitting it to tests where no one can mislead in its favor, and where every interest is to find defects, if any exist. An Organ that passes triumphantly through such crucial tests may surely claim to be second to none in the world, and the purchaser may well feel secure in having an Organ that stands first in its class.

Such instruments—freed from the needless and wasteful expenses of Agents and Dealers, can be furnished DIRECT FROM FACTORY at prices greatly less than must be asked for them under the enormously expensive system of selling through Agents and Dealers.

OUR SYSTEM OF SALES should be fully understood by every one who is interested in the purchase of an Organ. If it is adopted by the purchaser, it is absolutely certain to secure him a thoroughly satisfactory instrument. *It protects the purchaser from every imposition, and makes deceit impossible.* Having tested this system for more than TWENTY YEARS WITHOUT ONE DISSATISFIED PURCHASER, we know it will give entire security wherever a purchase is made.

SYSTEM OF SALES.

Every instrument is placed on trial in the home of the purchaser, who takes no responsibility till it is tested and approved. It is guaranteed for six years, and sent on the following conditions:

1. The purchaser may send with his order the guarantee of some bank, or a responsible business man, that the instrument will be promptly paid for or returned to us, and we will immediately ship it for fifteen days trial. ☞ If the instrument is returned we pay freight both ways.

2. If the purchaser is perfectly responsible, and will furnish us with good, substantial reference (some bank or business house of good commercial standing) to that effect, we will write to them, and if their report is satisfactory we will ship the instrument, and the purchaser need not pay until he has fully tested it at his own home for fifteen days. If the instrument is in any way unsatisfactory the purchaser will please hold it subject to our order and we will pay all freight charges he has paid.

3. If the purchaser prefers we will ship to the cashier of any bank (if there is one convenient), express agent, postmaster, or any responsible citizen of his own town whose business commercial rating renders it safe for both of us, and on their receipt of the instrument the purchaser can deposit with them the amount of the purchase money, when he can take it and give it the usual trial, and if unsatisfactory, return it to them and draw his money again, and we will pay the freight both ways.

These are our terms of sale. They certainly are fair, liberal, economical, and perfectly just. They have been tried by thousands, whose united testimony is given in our catalogues, from which we make a few extracts here.

REFERENCES.

The most valuable references are those which are made to persons who have thoroughly tested us and our instruments, and are able to speak from experience in regard to both. We can lay thousands of these references before the purchaser.

If our references were confined to the banks with which we do business, and mercantile acquaintances with whom we exchange business favors, they might be received with doubt or looked upon with suspicion of favoritism. But in referring to those who have completed their transactions with us, and who can therefore have no object or personal feeling to influence the information they might give, we offer the best informed and most disinterested of all possible references. The limit of our space here will permit of our giving only a few commendations selected at random from the thousands we have received.

They express the spontaneous appreciation which our instruments never fail to win from those who try them.

BETHLEHEM, PA.

I repeat herewith again that I am very much satisfied in every respect with the Organ you sent me.

Every one who sees the Organs (and they are not a few) is pleased with it and with the price. I assure you that nothing on my part will be left undone to introduce your instruments.

ADOLPH GUGATSCH.

NEW HAMPDEN, VA.

The Organ sent by you has been tried and it gives me pleasure to say that it proves all you recommend it to be.

WM. HEVENER.

C. A. KING, of KNOXVILLE, TENN., says:

"I have put the Piano to a thorough test, and am much pleased with it."

MEADOW MILLS, VA.

The Organ is received and gives satisfaction.

STEGELS & HALL.

NEWBURG, WEST VA.

We like the Organ very much. It has a pure, sweet tone, and is quite suitable for our church.

W. P. ATWOOD.

OAKLAND, OREGON.

The Organ has arrived and gives very great satisfaction.

G. A. TAYLOR.

DELAWARE, IOWA.

The organ for Mr. Kahl arrived all right. He is well pleased with it.

E. M. MARTINDALE.

SOMERSET, OHIO.

The Organ came all right and has given satisfaction. Every one who has seen it, likes the tone of the instrument.

C. A. KELLAM.

BEREA, OHIO.

We are very well satisfied with the Organ you sent us. It is used in our institution for practice every day. The students like it very much.

PROF. J. C. BURR.

PINE LEVEL, FLA.

The Organ gives perfect satisfaction.

E. A. MORGAN & SON.

NORTH MORGAN, UTAH.

I am greatly pleased with your $60.00 Organ. It is good as one costing $200.00 of other makers. My advice to all wishing to get an Organ, is to try the University.

GEO. HEINE.

MORGAN CITY, UTAH.

Mr. Heine is greatly pleased with his Organ, as is every one else who has tried it. Your Organs will sell here in preference to any other.

W. W. PARKER.

OAKLAND, OREGON.

Enclosed find draft for style 60 Organ which was received and gives entire satisfaction.

G. A. TAYLOR.

NEW BURNSIDE, ILLS.

I assure you that my wife and daughter are well pleased with the Organ. In roundness of volume and sweetness of tone it stands unrivaled by any in this community.

J. F. GRAHAM.

LONG LAKE, MINN.

I like your Organ well, and if every one had the same faith in buying instruments from the factory it would be better for them.

JOHN C. CARLEY.

MIDDLEVILLE, MICH.

We have had a number try the Organ, both from this place and from Grand Rapids, and all pronounce it good. We are well pleased with it.

MRS. C. DEFFENBAUGH.

ORILTON, WIS.

The Organ gives universal satisfaction and all who have seen it pronounce it a good instrument.

GEO. F. STOWE.

RICH POND GROVE, KY., April 15th, 1878.

Having purchased a University Organ, I cheerfully recommend to any one wishing to buy. I think them superior to any I have tried.

CARRIE MCELWAIN.

NEW THIEL, MINN.

I received the Organ. It is a good one. All who have seen it say it is a good instrument. Your Organs are Good, Cheap and Strong.

KATE KAUFFMAN.

CRANBERRY, OHIO.

The Organ you sent me is a good one, and we are well pleased with it; the man we had to try it said it was the best Organ he ever saw, and that is the opinion unanimously.

T. E. FOSTER.

ARCHIBALD, OHIO.

The instrument is a Daisy; am well pleased with it.

J. R. HOFFNER.

CHAPEL HILL, TENN.

I received your Organ, and proceed at once to have it tested by a competent Organist, and must say that we find it an excellent instrument, of exquisite tone and volume sufficient for a church.

JOHN F. STREET.

ELYSIAN FIELDS, TEXAS.

I bought an Organ of you some time since, which has given entire satisfaction.

J. G. HENDRICKS.

BRAMPTON, CANADA.

The Organ has come to hand, and gives good satisfaction. I have had the Burdett and the Mason & Hamlin, and yours beats them all.

E. G. MULLIGAN.

SHASTER, CAL.

I have tested the Organ and am very much pleased with it, and like the style very much. It is a great deal nicer than I expected, for you don't see such Organs around here. Every one that sees it says it is a beautiful instrument.

JENNIE DANIELS.

BARRETT, KAN.

Organ is received, and is entirely satisfactory. Enclosed find money for it.

J. F. PARTAMMER.

SALEM, NEB.

The Organ you shipped me was received in good order; I am well pleased with it.

R. M. WICKAARD.

SELMA, ALA.

The Organ you sent is a good one; it has fine-toned, handsome instrument. We had a good organist to put it up and try it; he says it is a good one.

GEO. O. BAKER.

STRUM, WIS.

Your Organ sent to Rev. E. T. Briggs, has proved entirely satisfactory.

JAMES TRAVIS.

PAOLI, IND.

The Organ has arrived, and I must say I am very pleased, indeed, with it.

MISS LILLIAN KIRK.

GETTYSBURG, PA.

The Organ is entirely satisfactory; so far as I can see it is a first-class instrument. Others have seen and admired the instrument. THOS. J. STABLER.

Galion, Ohio.

Mrs. Snyder likes the Organ very much; other orders will follow. PROF. LEWIS SCHWEBBACH

BUCKLIN, MO.

We have tested the Organ; it is all you claim for it.

J. H. BOWERS.

CASCADE, IOWA.

I am well pleased with the Organ, so is every person that has seen it. I have had a half dozen of excellent performers to try it, and they all say it is a beautiful instrument. It is as sweet a toned Organ as I have ever heard.

MARY MOORE.

We manufacture other popular styles, in Solid Walnut Cases, 5 OCTAVES $45; also styles at $50, $55, $65, $75, $83, $103, and upwards. More than SEVENTY THOUSAND of our Organs are in use in every part of the world. Every one is giving entire satisfaction, and it is a source of pleasure to its owner. We refer to each of them with pleasure and pride in their excellence.

Marchal & Smith Organ Co.,

Office, 8 West Eleventh St., New York

☞ Be sure to get our Illustrated Catalogue before you buy. It gives information which protect the purchaser, and makes deceit impossible.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

THE loose Princess dress, with much gathering, with or without kilt plaiting, is the favorite costume for girls These dresses are all in one piece, even though they have the effect of a kilt skirt, as that is always very short, and after being sewed to a binding is permanently attached underneath the Princess dress. The gathering is usually in the middle of the front and the middle of the back far below the waist line. Sometimes the gathering is deep on the shoulders, in the front, and there are two clusters below the waist. Sashes are then fixed permanently around the skirt, passing beneath the gathered clusters, and being only seen on the plain parts; the ends are then knotted, or else hang in two loops on the left side quite far behind. The richest dresses of this kind are made of plush, velvet, and satin, and the favorite color is ruby, trimmed with white lace and large cut pearl buttons; sapphire-blue and seal-brown are made in the same way, and there are some dresses in contrasts, such as drab and fawn color with ruby or blue. Gathered satin fronts are seen on some of the plush and velvet dresses, and all have deep collars like round pelerines, or else with the square sailor back and points on the shoulders. The sashes are in red surah satin.

Bege and cashmere frocks are less costly, but are made in the same loose Princess shapes for girls of three years and upwards. Ruby, green, and brown with sapphire blue, are the colors for woolen costumes.

Striped plush of contrasting colors, especially red with green, is used for the wide binding of cloth dresses, and there is a pretty but useless balayeuse flounce on the edge, of old-gold or red satin plaiting. Dark blue flannel dresses are made to button behind, are all in one piece, and are trimmed with bands of dotted wool, either red or gold dots on blue.

The Princess walking coats of thick soft drab or seal-brown tweed trimmed with plush of the same color, are usually worn by small girls For more dressy coats plush is used—either ruby, sapphire, pale-blue, or white—and is trimmed merely with pearl buttons, some cord and tassels, of passementerie, or else with Irish or point lace put on flat, with the scalloped edge turned up, and forming wide cuffs, collar and pockets.

Jersey costumes are in ribbed wool. The jerseys are laced or buttoned behind, and are in bright cardinal, seal-brown, dark-blue, or green, and have attached to them a kilt skirt, of twilled cashmere or bege of the same color. The seam joining the jersey and kirt is concealed by a cashmere sash, which passes around the hips in many gathers, is tied on the left side, and gathered at the ends like a sword sash. The sash may be entirely of the same color as the dress or plaid, or it may have a lining in bright contrast of surah silk.

Many fancy materials are this year sold with borderings to match, which are intended to be used for trimmings, and many dresses in silk, wool, and cotton have been prepared with the old-fashioned bordered flounces, which readers of middle age will remember as worn in their youth.

Some of the new stripes are of the herringbone character, and a feature in the stuff dresses is an interweaving of tiny silk thread dots all over the material. None of these stuffs, in my opinion, equals the good French Beige Rays, or the Drap d'Ostende, which is very closely woven, and always in plain self-tints. Made up with the simple good taste of a Frenchwoman, and only a few looped bows of ribbon here and there, they make the best of traveling costumes.

The cotton dresses continue to be characterized by great beauty of design. The patterns are borrowed largely from Japan, and cover the fabrics well. They are either floral or geometric, and the colors closely blended, the contrast is in no case glaring. Here and there, for fete dresses, Pompadour sprigs in light colors will make most charming costumes, and they are sold with parasols and other accessories to match. All these dresses will be made short, the figured mingled with plain self-colors, and much betrimmed with lace; indeed, they are so dressy-looking as on many full-dress occasions to take the place of silk.

Fichus are made now more frequently of Brussels net than of muslin; but like muslin fichus they are edged with lace, and Honiton lace is now all the fashion. They are made very large, like Alsatian fichus, and are worn in the same way, with a bow of satin ribbon or a flower on one shoulder.

Instead of plush capes very small plush collars are now worn round the neck when ruches are not worn; the neck itself is edged then with one row of lace, whilst the lower edge is trimmed with several graduating rows of lace, which increase the collar to almost cape size.

Gold cloth collars and cuffs are worn when the dress itself is embroidered with gold, but not otherwise; an under frill of lace accompanies these collars and cuffs, and all other collars and cuffs made of satin or silk embroidered with gold. These sets are buttoned on to the dress separately. The cuffs require the sleeves to be tight at the wrists.

Striped muslin handkerchiefs are worn round the neck—even in the street over the cloak. Another novelty is a long and wide white muslin scarf, which is worn round the neck with walking dresses; it is trimmed round with colored silk.

For the spring season Parisians have adopted the Louis XV. casaque covered with rich embroideries, which have never been so richly worked and so profuse in employment as at the present moment, and the Louis XV casaque coat, jacket, or by whatever name this graceful corsage is called, lends itself easily to the display of rich ornamentation This casaque is worn for dinner toilette, for evening dress, for walking costumes—in short, it is all the rage. Naturally, the details of each toilette vary but the Louis XV. outline is the same in all, and is, for the present, undoubtedly the mode.

Parasols for summer use at watering places have one gore of a different shade on which is some hand-painted picture. Sticks of natural wood are used on the majority of the parasols, but there are some very expensive and elaborate in design, with ebonized and white satin wood sticks.

We speak of the Wheel of Fortune; I think we may equally say the Wheel of Fashion, for it is ever turning, bringing us, one by one, every discarded favorite into vogue again. A month ago plain silks were in terrible disgrace; within another month, perhaps, they will be at the head of the season's fashions.

Another change in Fashion has changed the popular old gold color into new gold, and the yellows partake of a maize shade.

The steel passementeries are very elegant for trimming black dresses, and are shown in new floral patterns with leaves, sometimes with steel cords, and sometimes mixed with jet.

Jet and Spanish lace will be among the most popular trimming for black dresses, and the jet embroideries are exquisite.

A charming costume in which these trimmings are stylishly used is of black satin merveilleux covered with a profusion of narrow flounces of Spanish lace, over which falls a tunic cut out in deep vandykes, of black silk gauze, embroidered Persian fashion, with arabesque patterns of small jet beads. Bodice of the same black gauze, embroidered with jet, over black satin.

It is said that a jabot or shell of gathered lace, such as is worn on the front of dresses, will be set down the seam in the middle of the back of the dress. For black dresses the jabot for the back will not be of white lace, however, but of black and gold lace, or black embroidered with silk or chenille in soft colors.

Our artificial florists are in advance of the season, and produce the most lovely imitations of natural blossoms. A very novel way of wearing them with high-necked dresses of dark as well as light color, is to fasten on a large rose or other large flower near the neck, from which a large garland comes down to the waist line. A ruche of white lace or crepe lisse follows the outline of the flowers, also going round the neck, and this pretty parure will make even a dark silk dress look quite dressy. A narrow wreath fastened with one large bow is also added upon either sleeve, just above the white ruffle.

Byron collars are made of clear muslin. Some are quite plain, whilst others are embroidered You may make a Byron collar by a square handkerchief cut in two. One half is stitched to a band, and forms the collar, whilst the other half forms the bow. It must be perfectly straight on the edge. The neck curve plainly marked, in order to allow the collar to turn over easily. It is very pretty on a young neck which does not fear to show broad day-light. It is worn only with morning dresses.

Plaited muslin collars, edged with lace, are also worn. The muslin frill is about a finger length in breadth, and is trimmed round with lace of the same width This collar is also tucked into the dress, but it falls over the dress instead of standing up like a ruching. It is intended for a short neck In the front is a bow to match the collar. Wide collars and square cuffs to be worn outside the sleeves are made of rows of lace and lace insertion. Some are pointed, and some are square, but all are large

Very useful lace pins in jewelry are used for fastening the lace bows and cravats, now so fashionable as a finish to both walking and indoor toilettes. The variety of their designs is almost unlimited

Fireside Chat.

NEEDLEWORK NOVELTIES.

STRENUOUS efforts are certainly made to reinstate cross stitch in its old favor—not, however, by the coarse Berlin wool patterns, but by copies of the quaint designs found on Russian, Swedish, and German linen. These we highly appreciated, worked in light-colored silks on black woolen canvas, fringed bands intended as borders for gipsy tables, and unfringed strips to be used for chair-backs in combination with bands of woven crochet or knitting, the fern and feather patterns taking the precedence. Complete breadths of the canvas also serve for chair backs and small table-covers, many of them being ready prepared with machine-drawn work borders.

At the fancy-work shops cross stitch is specially represented on white, cream, and ecru linen, powdered and edged with motifs of in-grain cottons, either self-colored or variegated shades. They are appropriate for tea cosies, tray, dresser and sideboard cloths, aprons, children's dresses, night-caps, etc. The patterns are commenced on the various articles, or can be copied from detached sheets sold for the purpose.

With these exquisite German specimens the worker will find ample scope for the decoration of household trifles, besides her underlinen and dresses.

The greatest drawback to the revival of cross-stitch is its tediousness, which naturally does not render it a lucrative occupation. Yet amongst the extensive choice there are many easy stars and sprigs likely to repay the trouble of the amateur fancy-worker.

Outlined chair-backs seem to be rather discarded, the preference being given to those with the figures needled in. One I have seen was very fresh, serviceable, in black satin, edged with four-inch Russian lace. In the centre stands a little boy holding a basket of flowers, one of which he is offering to a small maiden. The pretty couple are framed by two arching branches of a mulberry tree, attached below by a knot.

A second chair-back displays a rustic lad sitting astride a gate, contentedly playing a flute. Others in washing material illustrate bird-life, such as the goldfinch soaring to its nest, etc.

Perfumed sachets are always in great demand. I will describe two of entirely opposite character; one, intended for gloves, in black satin, quilted with blue silk, and ornamented in the centre with one of the celebrated silk chromos, outlined by two rows of narrow silver braid. The other, very much more delicate, for handkerchiefs, was a square case of white satin, enhanced with blue bias and bows. In the centre appeared a wreath wrought on a foundation of white flannel, which had been raised by an underlaying of wadding. The elegance of this sachet was still increased by an edging of gold-outlined lace.

In the matter of trifles there are little work aprons in holland, handily provided with two large square pockets placed in the centre, one above another, each embellished with drawings of children traced with long stitches. Brightly-blended silks define the conventional pattern worked on a band of gold diapered sheeting which was to be inserted between two stripe of dark velvet for the covering of one of the fashionable large cushions. For this purpose stamped velvet is also superb; one striking specimen in russet green had its floral hollows filled in with well-shaded silks. The peculiarity of the work consisted in the large hearts more than one inch across reproduced in the Chinese style by faintly-tinted knots.

A folding screen was effective, its embossed velvet ground in Holbein green being vividly brought out by embroidering water lilies in white silks and fluttering birds in gay colors. Applique work offers rich suggestions for the using up of odds and ends of choice fabrics; so I thought while admiring a wide curtain-band in Roman satin of sky-blue tint. On it meandered a thick stalk worked in crewels, from which depended large flowers, such as white-rose, clove-pink, etc., each treated conventionally and cut out in a different material, viz., satin, velvet, plush, or cashmere. Slight veinings in silk touched up the petals and accompanying foliage.

Leaving the subject of fancy work, I will give a few recipes under the title of "Winter Fritters, Savory and Sweet:"

Bread.—Cut three or four slices, 3-8 of an inch thick, out of a stale loaf of bread; cut of the crumb of each slice cut out as many rounds of lozenges as is possible. Boil for half an hour in a pint of milk sweetened to taste, with a piece of cinnamon, the thin rind of a lemon, or a laurel leaf—whichever flavor is preferred. Dip the pieces of bread into the milk, and lay them on a cloth to drain. Have ready an egg beaten up, dip the pieces of bread into this, and fry in plenty of hot fat just long enough to color them. Serve with powdered sugar over.

Celery.—Boil some thick but tender stalks of celery in salted water; when done dry them on a cloth, cut them in equal lengths about one and a half inches, dip them in batter, fry to a golden color, sprinkle fine salt well over, and serve.

Orange.—Peel a couple of oranges, and remove every vestige of the white part of the rind, divide them into quarters, remove the pips, roll each quarter in powdered sugar, dip in batter and fry.

Having peeled the oranges as above, cut them across with a very sharp knife in slices of a quarter to three eighths of an inch thick, core each slice very carefully, dip in batter and fry.

Plain.—Get a piece of well-risen dough from the baker, or keep back a piece if making bread at home, cut it up and fashion it in small balls the size of a walnut, drop them in hot boiling fat, and serve with either salt or sugar strewn over them.

PARISIAN NOVELTIES.—One novelty in stationery is the use of pearl-gray note paper. On the corner of envelope is engraved a card, pinned on, and bears a word or more that is supposed to inform the person to whom the note is addressed of its contents before he or she opens it "Discretion" is one of the forewarnings; "At your service" is probably a compliance with some request; "Attention!" quite arrests one; "Good news" stills all throbbing of the heart on solemn occasions. The most sensible of all the inscriptions is "R. S. V. P.," as it is business. Among other mottoes on knick-knacks is, "We shall return," which ornaments blotter and album-covers. These words are printed across, between flying swallows painted in oils or water-colors

The newest boxes for handkerchiefs are made of twilled silk beautifully draped over cardboard to look like a small bundle; other boxes for trinkets have birds dotted over with all sorts of painted insects.

Dessert wines are slipped into satin-covered bottles, the corks of which are heads with hair dressed in the fashion of the country where the wine is produced. Alicante is in a pink satin bottle, and the stopper is a Spanish girl with high comb. Port wine is in a net or ruby satin, with an oporto beauty for its stopper, and she holds a fan in her hand. Pajarete wine is in a sulphur colored bottle of satin, with a bull fighter cork.

It was supposed that artificial flowers could not be made with greater perfection, nor is the new system at all perfect; but it must be mentioned for its novelty. Roses are now being made of Algerian silk; it is punched and twisted in the shape of petals, and roses made in this manner are mounted on chenille foliage.

Among novelties for the school-room are boxes of movable notes that French children are now taught to move about on a printed music-sheet placed before them. They learn their notes and harmony, at the same time placing the quavers, semi-quavers, rests, etc., on the lines or between the spaces, while music is dictated to them, each child dipping in a box of all the different notes sorted.

The new bill-of-fare cards are not tasteful; they are honey-pots of a large size, out of which sing, with mouths wide open, the best artists of opera and operette singers Dining-room panels of enameled lava are decidedly varied. Eastern vegetation and flashing birds are the subjects preferred; but there are Russian green woods, and pheasants, cocks and peacocks on terraces. Russian stitch in red cotton on white linen is the needlework of the hour; the linen is first covered with white canvas, that is pulled out when the work is done, and renders it easy without thread-counting.

A Michigan boy ate a bar of soap on a wager and then drank a lot of soda to take the taste out of his mouth; the way he spouted suds and soap-bubbles for the next half hour baffled the skill of seven doctors.

Answers to Inquirers.

A. T. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The Pennsylvania Railroad has purchased it.

C. L. H. (Tombstone, Ariz.)—Just at present we are in want of nothing of the kind.

SANDS, (Boston, Mass.)—Apply the strongest acetic acid with a camel hair brush, but be sure you do not touch the surrounding skin.

J. B. (Lakeview, Or.)—Address Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa. They will get you what you want in both cases

A. B.—The Advance of Chicago publishes sermons by prominent clergymen The Christian Union uses one of Henry Ward Beecher's weekly.

J. W. P. (Poplar, N. C.—There is such a metal. It is of more value by weight than silver. Whether it wears like gold we cannot say. 2. The firm is reliable.

A. M. D. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The black spots may be removed by placing the hollow of a watch-key over them and pressing; or wash them with ammonia diluted with water.

H. (Elm Grove, W. Va.)—We will send the stud with stone size required for two dollars, and nine-teen three-cent stamps. We do not care to sell them apart from subscriptions.

E. G. (Kansas.)—We know of no other plan to find the whereabouts of your brother than to advertise in the personal columns of the leading papers of the country, beginning with the New York Herald.

J. H. (Canterbury, Del.)—We have handed your card to an emigration agent who will very likely communicate with you on the subject. 2. We have never met the recipe you speak of, but should we do so we will let you know.

M. M. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Strong liquid ammonia, rubbed on with a piece of cloth, will remove grease-spots from cloth jackets. The jacket should be well-beaten and brushed first to remove all dust, and then the ammonia applied to the parts on which the grease has accumulated.

SUBSCRIBER, (Natchez Miss.)—We have not ourselves tried the recipe, but it seems simple enough. Isinglass—that is the gelatine, not mica—if good, certainly ought to dissolve in brandy, as it dissolves readily in hot water. Try again, heating the brandy if necessary and let us know how you succeed.

SAINTE LOPEZ, (Denison, Tex.)—The poetry will not do for the POST. The ideas are good enough but badly worked out. As you wanted our opinion on the point you will pardon our going further and saying that your spelling is open to criticism. "To" for too, "meny" for many, though fashionable enough, are not good form.

M. M. (Natchez, Miss.)—We are sorry we cannot help you to the desired correspondent. We do not think such matters becoming to either ladies or gentlemen. It is all well enough to take a pleasure in letter-writing, but there are ways of bringing it about besides writing to strangers, who may and frequently do make wrong use of the occasion.

DAKOTA, (Walla Dak.)—Stephen Foster, we believe, but are not certain. He was also the author of "The Old Folks at Home," "My Old Kentucky Home," and other, at one time, popular songs. 2 It is a question of taste which is the best English-Greek lexicon, and so long as it remains so we decline giving an opinion. 3. The above also answers this question.

H. M. P. (Chicago, Ill.)—To make green writing ink take one ounce of verdigris, and having powdered it, put to it one quart of vinegar: after it has stood two or three days strain off the liquid. Or, instead of this, use the crystals of verdigris dissolved in water; then dissolve, in one pint of either of these solutions, five drachms of gum arabic, and two drachms of white sugar.

S. H.—We do not know which States have abolished capital punishment, but they are few, not more than three or four at the most. We have no statistics on the subject, but believe that the impression is growing that hanging is the only effectual method of lessening capital crimes. European countries—Switzerland, for instance—have restored the death penalty, having found that anything less acted inversely to the increase of the worst crimes.

DENTON, (Queen Anne, Md.)—Love demands confidence, and unless one can trust implicitly he has as yet failed to master one of the chief conditions. It does not follow that because the girl you admire chooses occasionally to go abroad with another escort under particular circumstances, you therefore can put no confidence in the expressions of affection she has given you. She has, indeed, more reason to be disgruntled of your own fidelity, as you confess you were a suitor to her elder first. Be patient and devoted, and all will end well.

R. E. S. (Newark, N. J.)—It does not matter how he is paid, or who pays the minister the marriage fee, so long as the most interesting part—his getting it—is performed. It can be left in his grasp on shaking hands at leaving by either groom or groomsman, the latter preferably; or call at his house before the ceremony and leave it. There are thousands of ways in getting over this, which we look upon as the least embarrassing feature of the whole affair. 2. Why, the bride, of course! We cannot tell what has happened, or may happen, but it seems to us the correct thing for the bride to furnish her own wedding-dress, at least

ROVER, (Portland, Me.) Patience is a great virtue in the ups and downs of this unquiet life. It is useless to borrow trouble in advance, and to annoy one's mind with suspicions for which one has but little evidence. The mere fact that a young man is attentive to a girl by no means proves an engagement on their part Do not despair of success before you have begun to take the first step in a courtship. Besides, the one whom you love is as yet almost too young to form any permanent attachment. If you will continue to delay your suit a few years longer, the probabilities are that you will find her heart and hand free, and the changes vastly improved for your own acceptance

DAYTON G. (Hancock, Md.)—1. Your handwriting is very good for your age, but you must take more pains with your capitals The opening word of a letter, since it begins a sentence, must be capitalized. This you seem to have forgotten. The same is true of proper nouns, wherein you again err. Correct such faults and your hand would be good enough for the general run of office business. 2 There is no such word as "abburation." What you mean is "abjuration." The oath was probably an "oath of abjuration," whereby the Scotch threw off all allegiance to the dynasty of the Stuart's, as in that year (1688) it came to an end by the accession of the throne of Great Britain by William and Mary. 3. The only abbreviation like V. O. is Vo, which is used for "verso" signifying "left hand page." 4 It is impossible to say. Two or three months at least. 5 We do not. Your only plan is to advertise until you get what you want

READER, (Chicago Ill.)—You ask us to give you the most recent points in etiquette. We are not aware that any changes worth speaking of have taken place quite recently; however, a careful perusal of the following points in etiquette may answer the end you have in view. Say "good bye," not "good morning." Upon leaving a room one bow should include all. Upon introduction, enter at once into conversation. A note requires as prompt an answer as a spoken question Regrets in reply to invitations should contain a reason therefor At table you are required to thank the one who waits on you. Strangers arriving in town should notify friends by cards of their presence. You should exchange calls with individuals before you invite them to your house. Only letters to unmarried ladies and widows are addressed by their baptismal name. To return a personal call with cards signifies that visiting between the persons is ended. Unless there is a great difference in age, a lady visiting should not rise either on the arrival or departure of other ladies.

CANDIA, (La Fayette Ind.)—1. The kind of advertisement you answered is seldom inserted in good faith, and it is therefore not surprising you do not receive an answer to your letter The advertisers generally have a purpose much less innocent than correspondence By no means write again. If it was wrong in the first place it is trebly so now. 2. We do not believe in strangers exchanging letters in the way proposed. Possibly no harm may come from it, but certainly no good does that cannot be gained by other and less questionable methods. If you must correspond do so with some one you know, not with strangers. 3 When the lady accompanies the gentleman to the party, he has the first claim to her consideration in everything. What would be courtesy in him is the same in her case. 4. You and the young man are not bound to suffer because your parents have quarreled. We do not think it is either proper or wise for you to give him up, supposing there is nothing else against him but what you have mentioned.